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In Tune with Christmas

A Hopeful Venture in Good Will

AT THIS season of the year, when men talk glibly of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," unaware of or indifferent to the glaring inconsistency between their joyous refrain and conditions in a contemporary, surrounding world, it is encouraging to learn of the continued success of one extremely practical and timely demonstration of the Christmas spirit at work in the world today: the Delta Cooperative Farm at Hillside, Mississippi, started eight months ago under the direction of Sherwood Eddy for the purpose of the rehabilitation of some of the evicted share-croppers in Arkansas.

Last April, Sherwood Eddy, for $17,-500 bought 2,138 acres of land about one hundred miles south of Memphis. This land is now held by a Mississippi corporation with the following acting as trustees: Sherwood Eddy, John Rust of Memphis, Dr. William R. Amberson of Memphis, Sam Franklin, and Reinhold Niebuhr. It is hoped that by the end of this month the trustees will hold a $30,000 farm, fully paid for and free from debt, which in time the members of the Cooperatives will earn and own by their labor. When this money is repaid it will be invested in the next of the chain of Cooperative Farms, Incorporated.

As to the Farm's personnel: There are already thirty-three families, members of the Cooperative, living there. Sam Franklin, a native Tennessean and former missionary to Japan, is manager of the project. An extremely capable, affable and practical person, he performs his work with great efficiency and skill. His able assistant is Blaine Treadway of Memphis. John R. Fain, Professor of Agronomy at the University of Georgia, is agricultural consultant for the project, while a council of five members, elected by the colonists and the manager, have charge of the detailed operation of the farm. A group of local sponsors is also being organized, composed of the Governor of Mississippi, a judge, local business men and professional leaders of the State.

Settlers on the Farm are strikingly different in appearance and outlook than they were eight months ago. In telling of his recent trip to the Delta Cooperative, Sherwood Eddy writes that they are better dressed, more prosperous, secure and happy. The secretary of the cooperative, Ben Fleming, he had seen flee to escape threatened lynching at Parkin, Arkansas. Baxter Howard and Jim Reese had been severely beaten because they took part in a parade of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, as had also Frank Weems, apparently flogged to death. His widow and her eight children now live on the Farm.

The Delta Farm is based on the cooperative principle. It is hoped by this method to develop not only a different type of community but also to conserve the efficiency of large scale production. The program includes the production of cotton for cash, but also the development of an extensive diversification program so that the members of the community will produce as nearly as possible all of their own subsistence. At the weekly cooperative meetings, reports are given of the operations of the various committees and departments, including the department of agriculture, the hog farm, poultry farm, the saw mill, the building committee, the garden, medical clinic, sewing department, and the department of education and dramatics.

The farm, in so far as possible, is conducted on the self-help basis. The members of the group are building their own houses, making their own improvements, and becoming as far as possible independent of public relief. Money which has been advanced to the colonists in order to provide food and supplies (referred to locally as "furnishins") constitutes a loan which will be repaid to the Cooperative.

During the months since the farm has been purchased, great strides have been made. Thirty-three of the hundred families planned for are now established on the farm. About thirty houses or temporary shacks (two rooms with a porch) have been constructed. A community center, having a large social hall seating over two hundred persons, with adjoining rooms for education and recreation, has been built. A small office and staff building has been constructed, and a structure to house the cooperative store is being erected. The saw mill, running at top speed, has produced all the rough lumber for the construction of the buildings from the timber on the Farm.

During this, the first and presumably the hardest year of its existence, the Delta Cooperative has been economically successful. Aside from the lumber used in building construction on the Farm itself, the Delta Cooperative has been financially successful. It has received some $4,000 in cash by the sale of lumber and, in spite of the beginning late in the season and facing one of the worst droughts in twenty years, which burned up the corn and vegetables and wilted the cotton, one hundred and fifty bales of cotton, selling for some $12,000, were produced. According to the auditor's estimate, after paying expenses, the members of the Delta Cooperative will be able to distribute operating profits of some $7,168 and to repay to the trustees $1,000 for amortization. These two sums together are equivalent to a twenty-seven per cent profit for the members on the capital investment of $30,965.

The acreage planted in cotton yielded the very first year $60 an acre, net, on land that cost only $5 an acre or twelve times the cost of the land. Also, literally thousands of wild pecan trees have been discovered in the more than a thousand acres of timber. When these are budded from the finest paper-shelled pecans, in full bearing, they will produce three times the net profit per acre of cotton. Next year, members expect to have an income from cotton, alfalfa, the sawmill, from hogs, poultry, and the dairy farm, and to raise and can their own food supplies, corn and vegetables, and to produce their own animal feed.

The Cooperative has consistently endeavored to be true to the four principles upon which it was founded:

1. Efficiency in production and economy in finance through the cooperation principle. While the owners of the plantations have to pay 7 and 8 percent upon their loans and the share-croppers are sometimes charged in Arkansas from twenty-five to fifty per cent interest if reckoned on a yearly basis, the farm had to pay only two and a half per cent interest in 1936 and from now on will have to pay only two per cent for money borrowed. The large projects of the Government in the South, have paid an average of $30 an acre for land, and $4.40 for waste land which is to be retired from cultivation, while the cooperative paid only $5 an acre for its good soil.

2. It is seeking to build a socialized economy of abundance in the midst of the "collapse of cotton tenancy," and upholds the right of collective bargaining as applied to the Southern Tenant Farmers Union.

3. Without raising the question of "social equality," the teaching of which is specifically forbidden by the laws of Mississippi (Statute No. 1103 of 1930) it stands for the principle of inter-racial justice. Both races have been working happily and harmoniously together. Although by their own decision they are separate in their dwellings and in their social life, they have been successfully facing their mutual economic problems together. There are now twenty colored and thirteen white families in the Cooperative though it is hoped that an equal number of each will be arranged for as soon as we can afford to take them.

4. Realistic religion as a social dynamic. We endeavor to exemplify the return of Christianity to its prophetic mis-

(Continued on page 547)

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WALTER C. WOODWARD
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Can Christmas Conquer The Calendar?

THIS query thrust itself at us the other day as we read a Christmas greeting sent to some of his friends by Edward A. Filene, merchant prince of Boston. Himself a Jew, he emphasized the primacy of Christmas, closing his message with these words: "Although only one day out of three hundred and sixty-five, it is yet destined to conquer the rest of the calendar." Do we find such faith "in Israel"? With all our adoration of the Babe of Bethlehem, and our ecstatic exaltation of Immanuel, the Deliverer, the Mighty One, the Prince of Peace, do we really believe that the spirit of Christmas and the Christ Child will come to rule over all our days?

There is more than at first might appear in this suggestion of conquering the calendar. It is frankly a pagan calendar to begin with, full of pagan associations, as the very names of the months signify. It was a sensitive realization of this fact that led early Friends to substitute numerals for the names of the months, and for names of the days of the week, taken from heathen deities, and from heavenly bodies similarly worshipped. In our calendar of months we memorialize the god of war, two Roman conquerors, a two-faced deity, and various Roman "holidays." All this was the pagan heritage received by the Christian centuries. "What's in a name" it may be asked. Not so much, perhaps, although it is true that the constant association of ideas in the familiar relationships of the daily life does have its unmeasured effect.

There are all too many ways in which the well-nigh universal profession at Christmas does not conform to the practice throughout the calendar year. Just now the most flagrant inconsistency of all—the one most prominent in the head lines at least—is found in the lip service given to the Prince of Peace, while the world rushes madly and unashamed in the direction of war. A few countries have had the honesty either to cast aside the Christian establishment altogether, or to flout Christian principles as incompatible with their pagan theories of State, but for the most part "Christian nations," including their spiritual heads, pretend to harmonize the Christian ideals with feverish preparations for a terrible world holocaust. The most discouraging feature of all this is that while their various peoples aspire to peace, they support their governments, almost without question, in armament policies and diplomatic maneuverings which must certainly lead to disaster.

What of our own national calendar and of its relation to the popular acquiescence in the policy of preparedness? Perhaps nowhere in the world will Christmas be celebrated this year so freely and so lavishly as in this country. Yet the American people as a whole are strongly committed to a philosophy of might and force—to a nationalistic patriotism—that is the absolute negation of what Christmas represents. In the national capital itself, a paper of admittedly high standing and character, published primarily for students, was banned from the Washington schools the other day because of a strong editorial on peace. And doubtless the members of the Board responsible for that action are preparing to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace, quite oblivious of the glaring inconsistency.

As one possible clue to this state of the public mind, let us look at our national calendar—particularly at those dates printed red as marking noteworthy holidays. Among these we note that two mark the birthday anniversaries of our national heroes: one associated with our War of Independence, the other with the Civil War. Both are finely worthy of tribute, in their private as in their public lives, in peace as well as in war, but the fact of the war association remains, with all the prominence given thereto. Despite sporadic attempts to include the heroes of peace, Memorial Day is largely devoted to eulogizing the service in arms. Along in June comes Flag Day, with all its implications of etiquette which tend to make something like a national fetish of our beautiful emblem. The military motif is manifestly to the fore in the celebration of Independence Day. In October, Navy Day is entered in the official calendar in honor of the President who wielded the Big Stick, and for the increase of the arm of the service which he glorified. Armistice Day, instead of being a peace day, has been so nearly appropriated by the "patri-

otic" and military organizations that it has pretty largely become devoted to enhancing military ideals and prestige.

Now these, with a few others, are the days we celebrate. Their observance along through the year goes into the thought and attitude of the people. Then, at the last of the year, comes this hallowed day of Christmas, whose fundamental ideal and ethic are so wholly at variance with so much that has gone before; so much that people have too generally come to look upon it as an idyllic event to be celebrated as a religious festival, but as one which can have no practical bearing upon a realistic world.

How, then, is there any substantial hope that Christmas may conquer this national calendar of ours? In general, we must, to begin with, put more realistic content into Christmas—and into our Christianity. We "keep Christmas" too much in the skies and not enough on earth. Our Christianity has been focussed too largely upon a heaven hereafter and not enough upon the kingdom among us. "Jesus turned religion to the remaking of life here and now," says E. Stanley Jones, "but we have impoverished earth on behalf of heaven. The business of religion is not to get us into heaven but to get heaven into us."

Or, turning from preacher-statesman to statesman-preacher, the Honorable Francis B. Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State, tells us that "the teaching and principles of Christianity are not the mere dreams of a Utopian idealist—they are the fundamentals of human life worked out by One who sensed, as no one else before or since, the heights and depths of human nature, who thrills mankind still today as no other figure in history. Upon these fundamentals the life of nations must be built no less than of individuals."

To help make effective this thoroughgoing, every-day-in-the-year conception of the Christmas message, a much more fundamental kind of calendar reform will be required than is suggested by the mathematical puzzle of dividing up the year into months of an equal number of days with nothing left over. Inevitably, we shall have too much "left over" of pagan association and spirit, except as we gradually Christianize the calendar in the better observance of its red letter anniversaries. We must more nearly consider our holidays as holy-days. Gradually we should create a new calendar of saints whereby we come to do honor to those who have emulated and embodied among men the truest Christian ideals. Such a conquest of the calendar will not be easy. On the other hand, it may be hazardous, but to those who have caught the central Christmas message will come the faith of its "invincible surmise" which will consecrate them to the task.

Christmas, Our Annual Assurance

By Ivan Lee Holt

President, The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, 1934-1936

AMONG all the suprising things in our modern world, none could present a greater contrast than the Christmas Message of Peace broadcast from the Vatican and the military drill of small boys along the streets of Rome. The Pope appeals for peace and Mussolini drills boys for war. That situation can be duplicated in almost every section of the Christian world. The Church pleads for peace, and armies prepare for war. There was a time when a French statesman said: "We must dream peace, we must think peace, we must talk peace." Even as he spoke his government was creating a new and greater army.

There are dangers of war. The conflict seems imminent when Germany, Italy and Japan sign an agreement to resist Communism. In the Far East, China prepares to resist the demands of Japan. In France there is restlessness and in Great Britain indecision. These are perilous times. They are not so perilous, however, as the year 1809, half way between the Battle of Trafalgar and Waterloo. That was so dark a time in Europe that men on every hand said: "Night has come, endless night." But in that year there were babes in their cradles who were destined to bring day and the joys of day. Alfred Lord Tennyson was a babe in the cradle that year; Oliver Wendell Holmes was a babe in the cradle then; Abraham Lincoln was a babe in the cradle then. At a very dark time God was preparing a new leadership that would save the world and redeem humanity.

There was a darker time than 1809. It was nineteen hundred and thirty-six years ago. Shrines were in ruins. Temples were destroyed. The creeds of religion were ridiculed. Humanity was suffering and was oppressed. Burdens were so heavy that men had quit expecting relief. Just then the Lord Christ came. Through Him, God was to bring to the world a new order. Through Him, God would create men of a new type and a society of a new kind.

The new order demands new men and as Christmas approaches we realize that there are too few men of good will. However, God is seeking to create good will through groups which oppose international strife and racial prejudice and human jealousy. Sometimes I think of these groups as reincarnations of the bringers of good tidings and as reincarnations of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Of course, there are other dangers than war. I fear we are going to point to war as the only evil of our day, just as a few years ago many good people considered drunkenness as the one great sin. There were people who felt they were advocates of a great social gospel when they fought the liquor traffic. There were other evils then. There are other evils now than war.

The statement has often been made that the bitterness in Adolf Hitler's heart can be traced back to those days in the Rhineland when a French commander ordered a German town to establish houses of prostitution for his black troops. Outrage creates outrage, and wrong attitude begets wrong attitude. Our world is full of attitudes that are wrong. We must have God's help to change them. Christmas is our annual assurance that He enters our world to do that thing; enters it at Christmas time and enters it with each new-born babe.

We need to get down into men's dispositions and atti-

tudes if we would change the world. The angels sang of peace to come among men of good will. The antecedents of peace are good intentions. The urge to war lies in that attitude of pride or superiority or consciousness of favor which one may find in either Christians or Jews. Sometimes one finds it in a Christian majority; sometimes one finds it in a Jewish minority.

As we seek to correct that attitude we find it a very difficult thing to change adults. Perhaps we ought to look on the children in our homes as God's prophets of a new world. We can teach them that people are not enemies because they are born on the other side of a river, or beyond a range of mountains. We can teach them that those of other races and colors are to be considered and loved, not disregarded and hated. God gives us a real chance to make a better world. We do not have to wear ourselves out in a futile struggle with selfish adults. We can follow God's lead and look on every child as a potential savior of the world.

When angels sang their song of good will at Bethlehem, most people of that day would have said that their prophecy could never be fulfilled. There is a sense in which it has not been fulfilled, but the dream will not die. The spirit of Christ has not come to all hearts and there are so many uninfluenced by it that it looks as if the era of good will will never come. It is more apparent now than ever that we must have that spirit.

May we not pray, men of all faiths, that God will keep alive in our hearts the dream of peace and good will? If we but pray earnestly enough a miracle may happen. There may be born in our homes or hearts a babe who will change life for us and for our world. Then we will hear the song of angels and a radiant light will shine in the darkness.

The Shepherd Boy's Story

By Lillian Greist Hoskins

"I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,"—was it this you heard me singing? But so have I sung for many a year, for a shepherd of the sheep am I on our Judean hills, and as the seasons come and go I keep watch over my flocks. Although I'm an untutored lad, I have a godly mother and I know my Psalms left to us by our good King David. And as the sheep feed quietly, as now, I can lie here on the slope gazing across our valley to the dim blue mountain of Moab, and remember that here it was that King David, in his boyhood, played and tended his father's flocks, as do I. And oft I find myself singing as he sang: "The heavens are the Lord's and the earth hath he given to the children of men." "The earth trembles at the presence of the Lord; at the presence of the God of Jacob." "The mountains skip like rams and the little hills like lambs." Always the days have much of time in them for musing; and though my mind is ever on the sheep, and oft must I scramble through the briars after strays or save them when quick danger threatens, or rescue them when the swirling sandstorms come, yet when they're safe gathered in the fold, I gladly say to myself: "No sun shall smite thee by day nor the moon by night" for "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep"; and David's words comfort me.

But not all of life is toilsome or lonely. The other shepherds are close by, and I can watch the passing caravans in the road below. I muse on their burdens of strange plants and animals, and count the long strings of camels loaded with stores of ivory, ebony, brilliant cloth and precious stones. Once, long ago, I found in the dust of the roadway a wonderful stone, blood-red, and without doubt of great worth. I placed it here in this birdskin bag, which hangs about my neck, and so saved it against the coming of our Messiah. Have not the prophets told us the time is ripe for the coming of our great new king? I would have a gift for him, for he is to exalt us and make of us a free people. But I have given away my treasure, though our great king is not yet come. Let me tell you now of the strange happiness that caused me to give it freely and gladly to a lowly child of the people.

I think that we up here on the hillside are nearer to God than are the noisy quarrelsome villagers in the plain below. Many are the beauties in the heavens mine eyes have seen that they know not of, and many are the happenings night and day that have caused me to marvel at the wonders of his handiwork. Once, long ago, for many moons I watched two great stars, glorious in their shine, which were coming closer and closer together as though like ravenous beasts one would swallow the other and take as his own its fierceness and shining light. Never shall I forget one night! A boy I was then—not almost a man grown as now—and I was over-young for my task. I was weary and so were the other shepherds with the day's toil. The sheep had been stubborn and difficult to guard. I could not sleep. But the others were sleeping and the sheep were all about us. Overhead the stars shone brightly. And at my two great stars I gazed in wonder, so close together were they as one. On us a hushed silence rested.

Did I say I was over-tired? Yes, because all that day and for many days past our village below had been a scene of confusion. Vast numbers had been coming into Bethlehem to be taxed and the roadways and narrow, crooked streets had been full of a plodding, foot-sore throng. It was that noise and dust that had disturbed our sheep and made them unruly. A few of the people were happy and were singing and jesting, but most were worried over their taxes and concerned about their lodging for the on-coming night. One man I noticed, a stalwart, clear-eyed man in workman's garb who seemed even more worried than the others. He was leading a donkey and on its back his daughter or wife was seated. Young she was and beautiful for her veil was pushed aside and I saw her face. They asked for water and I gave it them but could point to no inn where they could stay the night and my father's and my friends' homes were already filled. So the young woman begged him to make haste and they joined the others on the way.

Then the night came on and here was I keeping watch with the stars clear shining overhead. Down in the village people were yet stirring, lights flickered here and there and one faintly heard the calling of one man to another; there were many late arrivals. Then hushed were these sounds, and I was left alone thinking over the day's happenings and wondering—as I closely drew my fleece about me—if at last all had been crowded into shelter. There was a sharp tooth in the night's wind.

Surely never were the stars more bright or the shadows on the hillside more sharply traced. And feeling the beauty, and calmed thereby, I lay me down and began softly singing to myself: "Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that

dwellest in the heavens." And as I lay there, half dozing, with my shoulders cradled in my arms, I looked down the slope into the village and beheld a strange something that brought me to my feet in amaze. A brightness began to grow, not fire—just a faint glow at first that wavered and seemed to come from afar and grew larger and brighter until I could see the inn and all its surroundings bathed in soft light. And following the glow to see whence it came I traced it up, up into the heavens to a marvelously brilliant star—just where my two stars had been; strange I had never beheld it before. It was the brightest star I had ever imagined for it seemed aflame in the heavens. There were strange waverings of light like white misty wings and all the heavens were filled with mystery like unto the coming of Jehovah; and I covered mine eyes in awe.

Then, fearful, I waked my comrades. When beholding the heavens aflame and all the awesome sight, they also were atremble and we fell on our faces and were sore afraid! And prostrate as we were, "an angel of the Lord came unto us and standing before us said: 'Arise! Have no fear; good news I bring you; news of a great joy meant for all people of all time. In the town of David the Lord Messiah is born! Go seek him; and here as a proof for you: You will find a babe, wrapped, and lying in a stall.'"

Then suddenly a host of Heaven's Army appeared praising God and saying: "Glory to God in High Heaven and Peace on earth for men whom he favors." And singing, they left our sight and all the heavens were radiant with their winging. Beholding these things we prostrated ourselves again and again and our souls were awed within us.

And, we arose and said one to another: "Come let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass." And we went in fear but in haste, and when we came to the place whereon the radiance rested, to our amaze it was the stable of the inn, the cave in the hillside wherein the sheep and cattle were bedded, and through the opening I could see the traveler to whom I'd spoken, and the woman who was with him, and by her side a wee babe, wrapped, and lying in one of the stalls for cattle.

And we bowed ourselves and did homage before a wonder we knew not what. Afterward our tongues were loosed and we told it there and abroad in the village all that we had seen and been told. Others saw the glory of the great star and wondered at our report and marveled that such could come to pass. Some believed than an angel had spoken unto us as we said; others thought we had been dreaming, and scoffed.

Then we turned and slowly went back to our hillside and our flocks. The wonder had flowed deeply into our souls and we talked long and watched eagerly for yet other signs. But there was only the familiar hillside and the sheep and the dawning of a new day.

Time flowed by and I went along with my work and my singing. The great star still shone in the sky. The village was quiet again, for the throng had returned to their homes and no demand came for another general gathering of our Nation. The father and the mother of the babe, born in the manger, stayed on and the father worked at his trade in the village. King Herod continued to oppress us and everywhere I heard the lamentation: "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers. The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned to mourning. Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, renew our days as of old."

Days passed and moons came and went and our new King, our Deliverer, came not. Even we began to fear that the nights' happenings on the hillside were but a dream. All Israel seemed wearied of waiting for a liberator and my intended gift to my Great King had never been bestowed.

Then one evening, as I sat pondering these things and fingering the birdskin bag wherein lay my precious blood-red gem, just as the twilight was fading into night, I beheld in the trail below, three belated travelers. They were seated high on the largest, whitest camels I had ever seen. I sprang down the slope to join the curious crowd that followed them and their retainers. The travelers were robed in strange apparel and the camels' trappings were of silver and gold and precious stones. And it came to pass as I joined them, one of the villagers called: "There is the shepherd lad who saw more of the strange sights than any other; he can direct you." Then the youngest of the travelers, a King I saw him to be, drew near and questioned me: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen his star from a far country and have come to do homage." And he asked me what the angel said, and I opened my heart and told him all that I knew and had beheld on that wondrous night, and of the angels' song of "Peace to Men of Good Will." And he answered me: "Our Persian proverb has it: 'The ways unto God are as the number of souls of the children of men.'" The other kings drew night and seemed to question me also; but their speech was strange to and I knew it not, though I perceived them to be men of good report and wisdom. So the first one continued: "We saw the same star from a far country, and since its coming had been long foretold to us and 'twas known to our men of wisdom that its message was to be to all people everywhere of peace and goodwill, we have followed its rays from our countries even unto this place. We would find the new King!"

By then the night had deepened and the stars shone out, and there in the heavens was my star in all its splendor and its rays pointed the way and rested on the cave by the inn, for there the carpenter continued to abide.

Then was my soul filled and I ran before them into Bethlehem, David's town, chanting as I ran, but scarce knowing whence the words came:

"O thou Bethlehem, Land of Judah,
Art in no wise least among the princes of Judah
For out of thee shall come forth a Governor,
Who shall shepherd my people, Israel."

"And lo the star, which the wise men saw in the East, went before them until it came and stood over where the young child was. And they came unto the house and saw the child with Mary, his mother, and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their caskets they offered unto him gifts—as unto a king, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned of God that they should not return unto Herod in Jerusalem, they departed into their own country another way.

"And when they were departed, the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying: 'Arise, take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'"

And so the carpenter departed from our village that night and I fain would have followed them, but I durst not; for a shepherd of my father's sheep am I and the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But, as they passed me, I pressed into the baby's hand my blood-red gem, fit for a king; He smiled at the color, and the mother said: "Peace be with you," though there were tears in her eyes and she looked sore troubled.

Then I returned here to my hillside and my flocks. Life goes on the same and naught of wonder happens, though I watch the heavens for other signs. And as I sing, I strain mine ears hoping to hear again the angels' song:

"Glory to God in high Heaven:
On earth, Let there be Peace among Men."

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Our Christmas Challenge

By H. Millard Jones

This is the substance of a paper read at Minneapolis on December 7 at a meeting of the Ministers' Federation of that city. Millard Jones is pastor of the Friends Meeting in Minneapolis.

WE THINK of the Christmas season as the celebration of the birth of a Babe in Bethlehem of Judea. But the story of the Manger of Bethlehem is incomplete without the story of the Cross of Calvary. Even this does not complete the picture: there must also be the breaking of the bonds of death in the Resurrection, the ascending of the risen Lord into the heavens, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Even yet the story has not its most important chapter or meaning, for these make only a beautiful story unless somehow they become related in a vital and dynamic way to the life of humanity.

The programs of our church year are built around certain days and seasons. There are some good, old-fashioned words used to describe the events or experiences represented by these days and seasons: Christmas—Incarnation; Good Friday—Atonement; Easter—Immortality; Pentecost—Divine Immanence. A great many words, a tremendous amount of energy, a great deal of time, have been devoted to their description and definition. Many and varied are the results of these efforts. Every age will probably have its own interpretations and definitions of these experiences; yet it is also true that regardless of manner of description or definition, these experiences will always be the most far-reaching and profound facts of human life. The facts and experiences give the days or seasons their life and vitality, rather than the days giving the facts significance.

In all probability the Christmas festival was borrowed from the pagan world by the wise and far-seeing leaders of the post-apostolic Church to meet a great need in the life of the young but fast-growing movement, as well as to prevent the pagan feasts and celebrations becoming too tempting to the "Babes in Christ." However true that supposition may or may not be, one thing is true and that is that the season was linked up with a deep and vital spiritual experience which made it a living thing. The feasts of paganism are forgotten things of the dim and distant past, the gods of paganism are buried beneath the dust of mythology, but the Christian Church moves on and on in a living march toward the goal of the Kingdom of God upon earth. The reason is that there was a union of the Divine and the human in these experiences of life and love. The spiritual relationship has been the power, the source and resource, the motive and motivation, of the Christian Church in all ages.

Even in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances, with opposition and persecution on every hand, its headquarters in the catacombs, the early Church marched forward, winning new converts, opening new areas for human living, sowing the seeds of the eternal Kingdom of God. Its confidence seemed unlimited; its faith was that of the pioneer; its march was that of the conqueror; its humility was that of the Man of Nazareth; its scope of activity included all of the realms of human life; its mission was the salvation of the world; its most convincing argument was its relationship to and union with the supreme power of God; its message was that sons of men may become Sons of God. The binding tie was a spiritual fellowship. The Incarnation, the Atonement, Immortality, the Divine Immanence were realities of a living relationship.

When Christianity was converted to Constantine all this was changed. The Christian movement lost its humility in its new-found ambition. Its spiritual message was lost, and in its place was established a hunger for temporal power. For the deep and living realities of life there were substituted the gaudy baubles of prosperity. The headquarters were moved from the catacombs to the heart of the Imperial City. Its motive ceased to be a deep and compassionate love for humanity and came to be a struggle for large properties, wealth, high ranking personages. It ceased to be a fellowship of service, it became an institution to be served. Its chief aim seemed to be that of self-perpetuation, and all other things, ideals and energies were sacrificed to that end.

Since that time the history of Christendom has been a series of rediscoveries of the emphasis of the early Church, its power, its message, The phrase, "primitive Christianity restored," although used by the early founders of the Quaker movement in describing that development, was but one way of describing an experience and feeling that was characteristic of all the reform movements within the Christian body. With these rediscoveries we associate the names of individuals: Savonarola, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, John Calvin, George Fox, the Wesleys, and many others who led the people of their generations into a fresh, vital and living relationship with God. And yet these movements, as they grew and won followers, also lapsed into the powerless coma of ambition, to a large extent lost the spiritual emphasis which gave them birth. The Quaker movement lapsed into a period of "eminent respectability," made its appeal to the intelligentsia, suffered divisions over questions of methods and theological concepts, and to a large extent lost its original spiritual emphasis. The thing that has occurred in the history of Quakerism is also true to a greater or less degree of the other movements. History has seemed rather consistently to repeat itself in this matter of the conversion of Christianity to Constantine.

As we approach another Christmas season and feel within us the glow and joyous thrill of it all, we must also be deeply conscious of the problems that are facing our world. There are wars and rumors of wars, there are political upheavals, the economic situation is far from solved. There are many discouraging situations, many heartbreaking Gethsemanes, many a Golgotha enacted every day in our civilization, all bearing witness to the perversity and sin of men. Yet the birth of a Babe in a Manger in the ancient city of Bethlehem of Judea again adds the leaven of sweetness to our lives this year at Christmas time. The spiritual significance of that birth has been enhanced by the intervening ages as He comes to be the ruling and reigning influence in our lives. "The arm of the Lord is not shortened that He cannot save; neither His ear heavy that He cannot hear." In the midst of our problems, in the consciousness of our resources, we are facing a glorious opportunity and a tremendous responsibility to bring into the consciousness of the world about us the realization of the forces set in motion by that Babe of Bethlehem. "All creation is yearning, longing to see the manifestation of the Sons of God." (Romans 8:19, Weymouth translation). This constitutes our challenge.

In the western part of the State of Washington stands a mighty mountain. Its peak, crowned with perpetual snow, is lifted far above the surrounding ranges and crags.

It stands as a landmark and a beacon point for hundreds of miles of surrounding territory. In the early days the Indians worshipped this mountain as a god. They called it Takoma. They could not describe its location in terms of latitude and longitude. They could not tell how it came, nor why. But there it was. We may easily believe that all distances were estimated with the great mountain as a base. Places were described as being so far from Takoma. Other mountains were described in comparison to this mighty monarch of the Cascades. It is not unreasonable to think that the Indians thought of the events of their lives as so many moons, or summers, before or after they visited, or first saw, Takoma. They could not explain the mountain, they could not point to its origin, they could not tell what it might contain within itself as the geologist can analyze and explain; but they knew it as the center of their existence, it was the object of their awesome worship, it was to them the expression of something larger, more wonderful, than anything earth could offer. It spoke to them of that toward which the soul of man has always aspired. It was the expression of their "souls' invincible surmise."

In our religious life we may not be able to explain all the mysteries of life and death, we may not be able to describe God as the chemist describes a compound or a reaction, we may not be able to understand all His ways; but we can know Him as the center of our life. We may know there is a larger life, a great nobility, a higher idealism, a sweeter relation, that somehow impinges upon our own lives and enriches our daily experience. We may not be able to explain the "mysterious way" in which God moves, "His wonders to perform," but we may bring to men and women the fact of a conscious unity with Him. Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, all mean little or nothing unless this unity prevails. The whole thing is but a tragically beautiful story except men and women become vitally related to God in the fellowship of faith. As we enter into this relationship all these things come to be deep and profound experiences of life.

"'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the stars that shone,
And earth was set that blessed morn
Within a golden zone.
He must be born within the heart
Before He finds His throne,
And brings the day of love and good;
The reign of Christlike brotherhood."

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mine Eyes Have Seen

By Richard K. Morton

THE Christmas message comes to us in unforgettable words from the Gospels, the phrases of which grow more and more familiar. Sermons rise up in each one of them, and inspiration for our individual lives is to be found with each reading and meditation:

Where is he that is born king of the Jews?
We have seen his star in the east.
We are come to worship him.
Out of thee shall come a Governor.
The angel of the Lord came upon them.
The glory of the Lord shone round about them.
I bring you good tidings of great joy.
This shall be a sign unto you.

Suddenly there was with the angel a heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.

They came with haste.

All they that heard it wondered.

Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Each of these declarations calls forth a dozen meditations and outpourings of the heart. How important, indeed, to see His star, in sincerity and in truth! How wonderful to be conscious of the glory of the Lord and to hear the words of a herald angel! But we must not make Christmas simply a time of a vague feeling of good fellowship, a time for an exchange of gifts, giving to the poor, and enjoying special programs—excellent as all these things are. For Christmas celebrates something fundamental and vital in our religious faith. The end of an era came; God came among us that we might behold His glory. We should henceforth look unto God through His life.

After we have seen the religious importance of this day, there is still another step—and that is to realize the necessity of incarnating in us, at least in a measure, the spirit of God. It is His spirit working in us today that will bring Christmas to the world. No one finds Christmas unless he goes looking for it among the gifts of God and the needs of men.

The words of Simeon belong to the Christmas message: "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Have we really seen something this season? In our own lives? In the love of God? In the lives of others? Are we really come to worship Him? Have we really seen His star?

If Christmas chimes are to ring, if we are to understand what Christmas really means, we must again remind ourselves of the primacy of spiritual things, quicken our quest of God, reinterpreting Him in terms that make for character and service and love. We must also remind ourselves why Jesus came, and how he lived. We must search our own hearts for what sort of a response this has called forth in us. We must ask ourselves whether our eyes have beheld His greatness or taken hold of His purpose.

Whatever our creeds or our interpretations of religion, and whatever plans of social or economic or political control we would follow, the great principle remains that if we would find Christmas we must see God and make His spirit incarnate in our changed lives and in our program for the transformation of society.

Good tidings of God's love the angel has declared,
As from each town and field the questing pilgrims come,
To find abiding hope where many had despaired,
Until God's Son gave up, for us, His heav'nly home.
Good tidings of incarnate, ceaseless love we hear;
But, oh, that through our fruitful lives from evil free,
And through Thy willing, faithful servants far and near,
Thy rule of love and joy and peace might come to be!

Rockland, Mass.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christmas in his soul. Let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which see in Christmas a forecast are more truly Christian, surely, than the pleasant cynicism of Atheists, which smiles upon it as the festival of futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good-natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than from star dust to a solar system.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Feast of Lights

A Christmas Story

By Marjorie Hill Allee

PAULINE'S father said, "The very devil is in it!" as he gazed ruefully down at the aching ankle that he was soaking in a bucket of hot water beside the kitchen stove.

That morning, the day before Christmas, he had gone out to make the rounds of the farm in the lovely white snow that had been falling for two days, and he had stepped into a smoothly covered ground-hog hole and wrenched his ankle so that he hardly had been able to make his way back to the house, even with the aid of a stout sapling wrenched from a fence corner. Pauline had helped him up the steps and pulled the tall felt boot off his injured foot; and now Great-Aunt Abby trotted over with reinforcements of hot water in a half-gallon pail, which was as heavy as her slender old wrists could carry.

She said gently, "William Henry, don't thee think it would be nicer to call him the Prince of the Power of the Air? Or something like that?"

"What?" said her nephew.

"The—the Devil," said Aunt Abby. "I never did like that name for him. It sounds harsh. Don't thee think so, William Henry?"

Pauline's father chuckled in spite of his pain. "Why yes, Aunt Abby," he agreed. "We wouldn't want to hurt his feeling so near Christmas time. But it does seem as if the Old Fellow had been making mischief for us. Stay away from the hot water, Billy. Don't thee get burnt. That would be too much!"

Pauline, who had gone back to washing the stack of breakfast dishes, trying meanwhile to keep an eye on the baby, silently agreed with him. She herself was as well as you could expect a healthy fourteen-year-old girl to be, and her little nephew Billy was still intact, though he had grabbed for the pail of scalding water and tried to catch the fascinating gas flames flickering in the grate; but Aunt Sarah lay on the sofa in the warm sitting-room, trying to make as little trouble as possible with her yellow jaundice, and Mother was stowed away in the downstairs bedroom of the big farmhouse, having pleurisy.

"Count thy blessings," Great-Aunt Abby went on stoutly. "Here it is 1900, the first of the new century that I am being privileged to see, and look at all our modern improvements. The telephone—"

"It's not working," William Henry pointed out. "We couldn't get the doctor, though I doubt if his horse could pull him through the drifts in any case. We can't even ring the lower farm to ask Harvey Mullins to come up to help."

"Well, I tell thee, I'm thankful for the gas," Aunt Abby persisted. "No wood to fetch in, or ashes to carry out! Just a turn of the key and we have a warm fire and lights to read by. It's fine for old folks and sick folks."

"That is true," her nephew admitted absent-mindedly. "Ouch!" He had moved his foot experimentally, and the severe twinge was warning enough that he could not hope to walk on it soon. "Pauline!"

"Yes, Papa!"

"I'm afraid that when thee gets those dishes done thee'll have to go out and finish the chores. Feed and water the chickens, will thee, and turn the cows and horses out to water. Pump as much as they'll drink and put them up again. And look sharp for eggs. They'll freeze in this weather."

"Thee go right on," little Aunt Abby said. "I'll finish the dishes. We have our patients all seen to, and Billy will be a good boy, won't he? It's not near time for his bath and nap. And thee wrap up, Polly."

Less and less did it seem like Christmas to Pauline. Saturday morning they had brought in branches of bushy green cedar and the orange-red berries of wahoo to adorn the mantels and the gas jets so sincerely admired by Aunt Abby. Pauline's older brother Frank, who worked in the city and whose little son they had kept since the death of his young wife, was expected home, although he had not written when he was coming, and they especially wanted the house Christmas-like for him. But by the time the greenery was in place, and the huge turkey had been dressed and set out in the smoke-house to freeze, Pauline's mother had such a pain in her side that she had been forced to lie down, and Aunt Sarah, the other member of their mixed household, had already confessed that she was ailing.

Everybody had been determinedly cheerful. They could not go to meeting next day; even if they had been well, it would have been too heavy a pull through the falling snow for the horse and carriage. But Aunt Abby had hunted up an old book of Christmas customs and they had followed the Romans through the Feast of Lights, cut mistletoe and evergreen with the Teutons, read of St. Nicholas and Father Christmas and Pere Noel, and ended with the story of the birth of the Christ Child, according to the gospel of Luke. And they had said that Frank would probably take the early interurban home next morning.

"I don't see why Frank hasn't come," Pauline's father burst out. Pauline, a fair, rosy girl, had put on a pair of old overalls and was tying them snug with binder twine around the ankles of her buckled overshoes. Through the summer she had helped him with the evening feeding and milking, but this winter work was harder and he hated to see the whole heavy load rest on her slender shoulders. It brought up the sore disappointment he had felt when Frank decided to leave the farm, as the city-bred girl he married had preferred.

Pauline said nothing; it would not help matters to complain of Frank. But Aunt Abby answered soothingly, "I expect he has his reasons, William Henry."

Her nephew was not to be persuaded. "Thee'd hunt for an excuse for the Old Fellow himself," he commented drily.

It was growing colder. Pauline was wrapped in her short coat and scarf, overalls, overshoes, mittens and an old stocking cap. The wind cut through all the layers. But she warmed herself pumping into the barnlot trough until the horses and cows would drink no more of the icy water, and then, in the shelter of the barn, she threw down hay from the barn loft and gave each animal a forkful of timothy and clover to chew over while it stood in idleness. Fluttering, talkative chickens greeted her at the hen-house, getting very much under foot. She found two eggs and carried them up to the house, plowing through the snow, breathless and somewhat tired.

"I'm glad to see thee," Aunt Abby welcomed her. "Billy is ready for his bath, and I couldn't lift him into the tub, big boy that he is!"

Pauline knelt on the kitchen floor beside the round tub in which Billy took his daily bath, and soaped and rinsed his sturdy fat body. The oven door was open; the gas burnt steadily in the stove, and their corner was sheltered and warm. Billy almost fell asleep over his cup of milk and Pauline, carrying him upstairs to his bed, would have been glad of a nap, too.

But it was time to get their early

dinner. There was medicine, tea and toast for Aunt Sarah, hot milk for Pauline's mother, a tray of substantial food for her father, now established by the dining-room grate with his foot on a cushioned chair.

Pauline and Aunt Abby ate their dinner at the kitchen table in the intervals of waiting on their patients. Aunt Abby was being quite tiresomely thankful for the gas they were burning; she seemed to have it on her mind. Pauline thought that showed how few Christmas blessings they really had.

She herself was quite used to the advantages of natural gas. Her father and nine or ten of his neighbors formed a "company" who hired a well-driller to put down a gas well at a convenient spot on one of their farms, and they used that well until it ran low and then put down another. They did not waste their gas supply as they had done a little earlier, when the supply seemed so inexhaustible that people burnt great torches of it in their yards all the summer night to kill mosquitoes; but they used all they wanted in their houses. There was a chance that the next well might not strike a pocket of gas; but, so far, it always had, whenever the thudding drill had pierced its way down into "Trenton," lying nine hundred feet or so under the rich Indiana farm land. So far as Pauline could imagine, there would always be gas, and you cannot get much excited over sunshine and fresh air and water and natural gas if they are always there.

"We can have a Feast of Lights," said Aunt Abby.

"Um-m," said Pauline.

The dishes were done; Billy was awake and very lively. Pauline's father moved restlessly in his chair.

"Try to ring Harvey Mullins again, will thee, Pauline?" he said.

Pauline ground the handle of the wall telephone round again and again—two longs and two shorts. The line was dead. No one had rung them up since Saturday.

"Maybe it's just our line that's out of order; or maybe it's too near Christmas for anybody to have time to get out and fix it. I meant to have a try at it myself this afternoon."

The telephone, like the gas well, had been put in by the neighbors themselves; if anything went wrong with it they had to find out the trouble and fix it for themselves.

"Thee'd better start the evening chores before long Pauline. Dark comes soon these days."

Pauline knew that. She looked out of the eastern kitchen windows as she pulled on her overalls again, hoping to see through the black trunks of the trees in the pasture lot some one coming their way, but there was no one in all the winter stillness. It looked now as if Frank were not coming at all.

Behind her, Aunt Abby had moved aside a stove lid to see just how high she was turning the gas in the fire box. It was time to start a kettle of mush for supper.

"Well, what does thee suppose is the matter?" she asked wonderingly. "It won't turn up!"

She twisted the key with all the strength of her frail fingers. "Thee try it, Polly. I can't seem to turn it on."

Pauline tried it. They key was turned as far as it would go, but before their eyes the little blue flames in the fire box were sinking.

"It's going out," said Pauline.

"Maybe something's the matter with the stove," Aunt Abby said hopefully. "Let's look at the grate. William Henry, how's thy fire?"

Pauline's father had been reading. He looked over the paper to the grate in front of him.

"It's going out," he said, aroused. "Yes, it is! I expect the line is frozen."

Pauline had forgotten that such a calamity could occur to them. And with a houseful of sick people! She looked at Aunt Abby in despair, and Aunt Abby looked back at her, for the moment equally distressed.

"Well, bang the nation!" she said solemnly, and then blushed all over her softly wrinkled face at having been betrayed into such strong language.

But her unexpected explosion did them all good. Pauline's father put back his head and laughed till tears came into his eyes; Aunt Sarah shook with a laugh that stirred her poor liver, and even Mother laughed softly so as not to get a worse stitch in her side.

"Pauline, thee'll have to rescue us," said her father. "There must be a bare spot in the gas pipe where water from the well has come in and frozen; we had more water with this last well than with most. Let the chores go till later. Take plenty of matches and as big a sackful of straw as thee can carry on thy back and walk toward the corner, looking for a place where the wind has blown the pipe bare. When thee finds it make a fire over it and that will thaw it out and let the gas come through."

Far to the south of the east-and-west road the sun was sliding rapidly toward the horizon when Pauline came down the hill to the crossroads. No one had traveled that quarter of a mile that day, and she had to make her own path through the drifts, watching all the time for a dark streak that might be laid bare along the hedge roots. The gas pipe was laid right on top of the ground where it was easy of access if it leaked, and this did very well at most times. When it froze up, as Pauline remembered now that it did nearly every winter, they said it would be better to bury the pipe below frost-line, but the busy farmers had never got around to that.

At the crossroads there was some one looking around him. That would be George, the boy living north of the crossroads, with whom she had driven to the high school in town all fall. Beside him on the snow rested a big round barn basket full of cobs and kindling.

"Then it's frozen up past you," she hailed him breathlessly.

"Is that you, Polly? Gosh, you lookit!" he answered with cheerful candor, surveying her twine-tied ankles to stocking-cap. "I thought it was Santy himself with his pack. What you got in that sack?"

"Straw! What do you think?" She lowered the awkward bag to the ground and beat her cold hands together.

"There's a dip in the pipe up the road. I'm going to look there. Whyn't your father come?"

"Why didn't yours?"

"I guess I can manage to build a fire over a gas pipe," George stated with offended manly pride.

"I guess I can, too," Pauline told him. It would never do to admit that George, who was no older than she was, could do anything better than she could. He would lord it over her the rest of the winter. Still it was nice to see somebody young and well. "My father sprained his ankle when he went down to the woods this morning to look after the sheep," she explained.

"That's too bad," George sympathized, but spoiled the effect at once. "Whyn't Frank come home Saturday like you said?"

"Frank has a very important position," Pauline said loftily. "He can't leave just any time he wants to." But to herself she thought, "He might have come. He doesn't care!"

"Huh!" George said, trying to sound completely unimpressed. They had been moving slowly up the road. "Look," he pointed eagerly. "I expect that's the place!"

Some freak of the wind had laid bare here a joint of the gas pipe lying in a shallow angle, where water could collect. The boy and girl piled half of Pauline's straw over it, lit either end of the pile and fed the quick bright blaze with corncobs from George's basket. More straw, more cobs and dry splintered shingles made a fine fire. Pauline warmed her stiff fingers gratefully before it.

When the last of their fuel had died down to a quivering bed of ashes, George said, "I expect it's thawed now. Let's go home, and if anybody needs to see to it again, I will. Don't you worry, Polly. Look here! I could go home with you and help with the barn work. Christmas Eve and all—"

Pauline said, "No thanks. We can get along all right." She was a little gruff. Nobody was to say that the neighbors had to go in and help because Frank wasn't at home where he ought to be. She would not even mention the telephone.

They had come back to the crossroads. George looked over to the little rise to the north where his own home stood.

"See the lights! The gas is on." They both looked up eagerly at the coppery glow of the windowpanes. "No, it isn't," he had to correct himself, crestfallen. "It's the reflection of the sun; it fooled me. Well—so long!"

He fumbled in an inside pocket and produced a polished red apple. It was the prettiest one he had been able to find in the cellar that noon, and he had been carrying it around in his pocket all afternoon, after a childish custom of his own, saving something nice with which to reward himself after he had worked till he was tired. He had expected to eat it as soon as he left Pauline, but now he thrust it into her mittened paw.

"Merry Christmas!" he said, and hurried off with the basket swinging on his arm.

It was a very good apple, still warm from George's pocket. Pauline ate it on the way home and was grateful; and she was glad that the wind had died down so that the cold did not penetrate so sharply.

As she came to the top of the hill she looked eagerly homeward, but the distant windows were still dark. What if George had to go back and build another fire? What if the flow of gas was weakening, and they would have no fire to warm them all? Pauline's head drooped; she plodded along, trying to step in her outgoing tracks. There was still the feeding and milking to do. Four cows!

She had reached the driveway when she heard a shout. Across the north field some one was hurrying toward her: a tall man in an overcoat and a city hat that recklessly left his ears out to freeze.

It was Frank, running down a lane scooped by the wind between drifts. He caught her in a one-armed bear-hug. His other arm was full of packages, but with only one he could lift her from her feet. How strong, he was, Pauline thought; tramping through the snow had not tired him; he could milk four cows and never know the difference. She was so glad to see him!

"What's thee doing out here, Polly? Been coasting with George?"

Then Pauline remembered how he had neglected them and how cross she was.

"I have *not* been coasting with George," she said tartly. "I've been thawing out the gas pipe and the gas hasn't come through. And there's the feeding and milking yet to do. And Mother has the pleurisy and Aunt Sarah has the jaundice and Papa has sprained his ankle! Oh, Frank, why doesn't thee come home to stay?"

"I have," he said gently. "I thought I'd surprise you. I stayed later than I meant to, coaching the fellow that's taking my job. But I'll do the milking and feeding. And as for the gas, it's on! Look, Polly! I'd never have found the gate without it to guide me across the field."

He turned Pauline around. From all the lower windows of the farmhouse lights streamed warmly toward them across the snow. Aunt Abby had lit gas jets with a prodigal hand, celebrating the Feast of Lights, Hoosier style. Like Aunt Abby's own impartially loving spirit, that generous light reached out to them.

Pauline tucked her hand into her brother's. "It's like Christmas, isn't it? Really!" she said shyly.

Chicago, Illinois.

IN TUNE WITH CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 538)

sion of identification with the dispossessed, with whom it originated.

While great strides have been made by the colonists, there are many things which they urgently need. The Cooperative has not thus far possessed a single cow, nor was it able to provide a drop of milk for all the children on the place during the past year. This month, members hope to erect a cow barn and purchase a nucleus for a dairy herd, but they still need cows at fifty dollars each. The colonists have been without medical attention for so long that practically all members of the community need all sorts of medical care. A thoroughly qualified doctor is available if $1,500 could be secured, since the balance of his budget could be provided from practice throughout the countryside. An irrigation system is necessary for the garden to insure vegetables for the colony. Gravel roads are required. The black, alluvial soil of the farm produces good cotton, but roads, unless they are gravelled, are almost impassable in wet weather. Sam Franklin says to the colonists, "If you will stick to the Farm, the Farm will stick to you." Other needs are listed under such headings as farm machinery, canning and weaving, building and equipment, a director's house, shop and tools, laundry building, and electrification. And of course there is the ever-present need for more money—to settle more families on the Farm and to clear the Farm of its indebtedness, which, it is hoped, will be accomplished by the end of this year.

The significance of the Delta Cooperative Farm as an experiment in working out a pattern whereby the South can support the large number of laborers sure to be displaced as a result of the revolutionary changes now taking place in the production of cotton is tremendous. The cotton tenancy system, already declining by reason of over-production, will inevitably collapse when the use of mechanical cotton pickers gets under full momentum. The magnitude of the problem which the South will then face, with its staggering social and economic implications, is indicated by the number of tenant families involved—1,092,000 white families and 699,000 colored ones, a total of eight and one half million individuals.

While the number of families which can be rehabilitated on a project such as the Delta Cooperative Farm is infinitesimal as compared with the total need, yet the Farm is an attempt to work out a pattern of social change which may be duplicated so as to make an appreciable dent upon the rehabilitation problem which must be worked out in the South. It is an attempt to find a peaceable and constructive solution to that problem and, for that reason, is highly significant as offering one ray of hope in an otherwise exceedingly black picture.

ANNUAL WEEK OF PRAYER JANUARY 4-10, 1937

In connection with the annual Week of Prayer, to be observed by churches throughout the country, January 4-10, a special program has been prepared by the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. This program is made up of seven orders of service for the seven days, beginning on Monday and concluding on the following Sunday. The subjects for these daily prayers are: the Reality of God; the Wisdom of God; the Love of God; the Sufficiency of God; the Saviourhood of God; the Comradeship of God; and the Kingdom of God.

Many communities will find it highly desirable to plan united prayer meetings for the entire week. Where union services are not possible, individual churches will want to observe the week. Pastors or groups wishing to use this program in planning their services can obtain it from the Department of Evangelism, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Since the program is so prepared that all present at the prayer services may participate, sufficient copies should be ordered so that each person may have a copy. The prices are: single copies, 3 cents; fifty copies, 2 cents per copy; one hundred copies or more, $1.50 per hundred; five hundred copies, $7, postpaid. Send cash with your order.

In the Valley of Ajalon

By Howard Coppock

LEAVING Ram Allah at seven o'clock in the morning we set out in high spirits for a day's trip to the historic valley of Ajalon. Our donkey was loath to leave his morning meal, but once on the road, with a lady on his back, he seemed to forget that he had missed the last course of his breakfast.

Leaving the well-worked auto road at the edge of Ram Allah, we picked our way over a trail, in places completely covered with loose stones worn smooth and round, over a period of two thousand years and more, by the feet of men and donkeys. Our road led to the south and west, past beautiful homes built by Arabs who had been to America, saved a few thousand dollars, and returned to Palestine to buy a piece of land and live in luxury—a not uncommon experience for many Arabs and the ambition of many of their young men.

After an hour's walk we came to a hill near the top of which were several caves and beyond which lay, spread out like a blanket, the valley of Ajalon. Rounding the top of the hill, we came into full view of the town of Gibeon.

The hills of Judea are full of caves, which have been used as shelters by the inhabitants since the time of Saul when the "people hid themselves in caves, in thickets and in rocks, in high places and in pits" to escape the Philistines. We entered one of these caves and found, inside, a circular dome-roofed room that would have held a hundred people. Around the walls of the main room, several small rooms had been carved out of the solid rock. To enter these one had to crawl on hands and knees, but back of the small entrances were rooms in which six or eight people could sleep. In the winter these caves are used by Beduins, the side rooms serving as sleeping places for the women and as storage places for food.

Going down from the hill of the caves, we crossed the beautiful valley of Ajalon, where many great battles have been fought, the last being between the English and the Turks during the World War. All distances are short in Palestine, including those in this valley, which is only one mile wide and a few miles in length. Once across, our trail led up a stony hill, from the top of which Jerusalem could plainly be seen. Just beyond the summit of this hill was a road built by the Romans, the one traversed by Christ on the afternoon of the Resurrection Day, when he overtook the two discouraged disciples. Beneath us were the stones over which He had walked expounding the scriptures to Cleopas and his companion.

Many of the holy places of Palestine have been robbed of their sacredness by the Christian churches and the Mohammedan mosques which have been built on them. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, raised over the traditional tomb of Christ, is a riot of idolatry and heathenism; the manger at Bethlehem is only a curiosity to be seen after paying the entrance fee. But here, on the road to Emmaus, were the sacred hills climbed by Jesus and the rocks that had felt the pressure of his pierced feet.

A mile from Emmaus three mounted camels were passing as we approached, returning from Jerusalem to their homes in the plain. The coal-black Ethiopian with them covered his face as we tried to take a picture. For some time we followed the camels, but at Emmaus turned off and going through a small gate, found ourselves in the yard of the church built in 1902 on the site of the house of Cleopas, in which Christ "took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened and they knew him, and he vanished from their sight." Through a small door, opening in a raised part of the floor, we viewed a portion of the walls of the house of Cleopas.

Retracing our steps on the sacred road, we again entered the valley of Ajalon. To the east lay the village of Gibeon, toward which we started. Half-way across, we came upon an Arab plowing his field. He had an ox and a donkey yoked together to draw his wooden, one-handled plow. The ox, slow and patient, seemed not to be worried by the jerks and plunges of his unhappy team-mate. Paul must have had such a picture in his mind when he said, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

The town of Gibeon, on the top of a round hill, doubtless occupies the exact spot on which was situated the stronghold of the Gibeonites who, through trickery, formed a league with Joshua. Surrounded on all sides by plains, from which the hill rises several hundred feet, it must have been a commanding fortress.

As we ascended the hill, we saw on both sides of the trail many threshing floors similar to the one on which Ruth slept at the feet of her kinsman, Boaz. One great layer of stone, from which the top earth and stones have been removed, forms the floor, which extends back into the hill for some twenty feet, thus making a level terrace of bed rock, worn smooth by the feet of the threshers through many centuries.

From the top of the hill we looked back over the valley. In the distance the Arab farmer and his unequal team were mere specks. The valley of Ajalon, which in the spring of the year is green with wheat, was brown and barren. The stone walls, running at all angles and dividing each farmer's land from that of his neighbor, made the valley look like a great patch-work quilt.

As we gazed over the valley, we thought of the five kings who encamped there to punish the Gibeonites for making peace with Joshua, of the messenger who stole away under cover of night and took the news to the Israelites, of Joshua's mustering of his forces and, by forced night-marches, surprising the five kings. There before us lay the valley in which God "rained stones from heaven on the five kings," and, in which, as they fled, Joshua commanded, "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

Gibeon changes little with the passing years. We entered a room, hewn from the rock, in which an Arab family lives. The arches of the roof and the doorway, which afforded the only entrance for light, were plainly the work of the ancient Romans. To the left as we entered, was a bin, which the Arabs term a "barn." These "barns" are ten to fifteen feet long, with openings in the top, and at the bottom apertures where the wheat, dried figs, or barley with which they are filled can be taken out. It was of such a "barn" as this that the rich man spoke in his words, "I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." One bin, full of dried fruit, had burst and we put our hands through the cracks in the clay and pulled out figs.

A school, which we were invited to visit, was in session at Gibeon. The only furniture in the room was a small blackboard, a mat on the floor and a rod in the hand of the teacher. Not a chair, a bench or a table was to be seen. In the south wall of the room was a circular niche in front of which was a prayer rug. On this the students kneel, faithfully and without shame, facing Mecca, for noon-day prayers. Twenty-eight boys sat on the floor in two rows facing each other. The teacher walked back and forth between the rows, shaking his stick first at one, then at another, or tapping

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

"Glory to the newborn King"
Joyfully these words still ring:
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Crowned with unseen diadem.

"Peace on earth, good will to men"
These glad words ring out again:
May the peace of Christ abide
In your home this Christmastide.

MIRIAM PERDUE.
Washington C. H., Ohio.

an unruly one on the head. For our benefit the school recited in unison a passage they had learned from the Koran, the only text-book used in a Moslem school, and one which a student is expected to memorize before quitting the schoolroom.

As a last tribute of respect, the Gibeonites asked us to the coffee house to drink with the heads of the town. As is always done for honored guests, the coffee was roasted, ground and brewed before our eyes. The grinding is quite a ceremony among the Arabs, being done in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle, whose rhythmic tapping is supposed to entertain the guests. Among our hosts was a blind man who had learned to speak English in America and who was quite interested in our forthcoming presidential election.

After a ceremonial round of handshaking with our Gibeonite hosts, we were escorted by one of the young men to the edge of the village where we prepared to cross again the historic and beautiful valley of Ajalon, over which the moon had once stood still.

IMPROVEMENTS DEDICATED AT FARMINGTON

Friends of the old Farmington Meeting, near Macedon, New York, were very happy on Sabbath morning, December 6, when they dedicated the new improvements on their meetinghouse. For the past few years a general plan of improvement has been under way. First the auditorium was decorated very beautifully. Then a new velour carpet was placed on the floor, new shades put at the windows, and many smaller improvements made in the room.

Recently the outside of the building was given a beautiful coat of white paint, and all of the rooms in the basement were decorated to harmonize with the color scheme of the main auditorium. Now the meetinghouse is in good condition throughout, and is an attractive place for church activities.

It was in 1796 that the early Friends built here the first log meetinghouse, soon after replaced by a frame building. The present meetinghouse was erected in 1876, and for sixty years has graced the hill upon which it stands. For one hundred and forty years Farmington Meeting has been an active center for Friends in western New York and, true to the heritage of those pioneering Quakers, the Friends of the present are endeavoring to keep abreast of our times.

The pastor, Arthur W. Hammond, is now entering upon the eighth year of ministerial service at Farmington, and with a group of interested younger people in action and many older ones to lend encouragement, we are looking hopefully toward the future.

High Tide at Asbury Park

By A. Ward Applegate

THE Biennial sessions of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America were held in the New Jersey summer resort city of Asbury Park, from December 9 to 11.

If, in reporting, I were to grow poetic, I would say that the heavy swell of the Atlantic, under a strong wind, as the delegates gathered, was matched in our hearts as the sessions progressed, by an expanding awareness of an irresistible surge of new life and power in the whole body of American Protestantism.

Time after time in the midst of a period of discussion, or during the free fellowship of the hotel lobby, veterans in the Federal Council movement were heard to say that the Asbury Park sessions marked a new high level in their inter-denominational experience. Many quite freely expressed the opinion that the highest point of inspiration for the Federal Council they had ever known, was reached.

While there was evidence of three or four essential factors contributing to this "new high level," one, standing out as great and unmistakable, was the magnificent success of the National Preaching Mission, carried on during this biennium. While this had been achieved by the Department on Evangelism, it had the unqualified endorsement and the total resources of the Council at its disposal during the period.

The National Preaching Mission, which began its first meeting on September 13 and came to a close December 8, enlisted, as voluntary and unpaid workers, eighty of the greatest Protestant workers and preachers on the American continent, and four from across seas. Twenty-eight of the chief cities of the Nation had directly felt the power of these great preachers, and effective work had been done in an area with a radius of 75 miles around each center. At Kansas City alone the total attendance at the Preaching Mission sessions reached 97,000 in four days.

It is little wonder that these great leaders, gathering in Asbury Park, fresh from the spiritual conquest of a continent, carried in their hearts, and transmitted to all the lesser souls about them, the spirit of a restrained, but nevertheless surging triumph.

If the Preaching Mission, as according to *The Christian Century*, fell into hard ways in dealing with the race question in Atlanta, certainly it's parent, The Federal Council, made no such mistake in arranging the Biennial meetings at Asbury Park. The very aristocratic, Berkeley-Carteret hotel opened its "swanky" doors to men of every color for the week. Of course it was out of shore-season, but just the same the doors were open to all in Christian fellowship and in social equality.

One great Bishop of the African Methodist Church, in commenting on the situation, remarked, "We are here, my brethren, because Christian white men brought the power of their Christianity to bear upon the race question." It seemed that one could see in the happy faces of those meeting on the level of a common humanity, the epitome of the scene around the Great White Throne described by John on Patmos. And, one was made to wonder why such a valuable experience is so difficult of achievement "in this present world."

Another factor contributing largely to the attitude of assurance, so manifest in the whole group, was the presentation of a clear-cut program for the future. It was given as if those who did it had their feet on the ground and were ready to move forward with firm and steady stride.

This program included: a proposed Preaching Mission to the Schools, Colleges and Universities of the nation in 1938; the appointment of a commission to seek "such modification of the status of the Army and Navy chaplains as will make clear that they are a part of the regular ministry of the churches rather than of the armed services of the nation"; the beginning of a new program of education to meet the moral issue involved in the debauchery of the nation by the liquor interests; and further practical study toward bringing the churches into their destined position of leadership in the long struggle for an equitable adjustment in industry.

At the sessions of the Federal Council held in Dayton, Ohio, in 1934, a committee was suggested for bringing to the next Biennial Meeting, a "Report on The State of The Church." There may be some division of opinion as to whether the suggestion was inspired by the President's report to the Congress on the "State of the Nation," or by the time-honored practice of the Society of Friends along this line, but there can be no doubt about the wisdom of the suggestion. The Federal Council has never faced so squarely, but succinctly, the churches in the present world order as they did upon the report on "The State Of The Church."

Not the least among those present was Roger Babson, who in his address on "Ways of Increasing Church Attendance," gave much which may be com-

mended to serious thought. He said, "I don't know much about theology but I do know something about statistics, (he couldn't pronounce the word correctly in public address to save his life) and they show that it is healthful to follow the Lord. The average age of the faithful at death is far greater than that of the unfaithful." Roger Babson called this the "statistical argument for Church attendance."

Imagine, if you will, the effect of Roger Babson's prophecy that "the time will come when the church will require an annual renewal of church membership in order to remain a member in good standing."

Dr. Albert W. Beaven, declared, "We must discover an evangelistic technique in which the Church will feel at home and which will awaken a response in Youth."

Dr. Charles L. Goodell, veteran of the Federal Council secreterial staff of the early years, in a response at a banquet at which he was one of the honored guests, said a word which was both a challenge and benediction to all. Truly a veteran of the Cross in every noble sense, well past his four-score years, yet vigorous and alert, he said, "I do not know whether life *begins* at forty or at seventy, but I am very happy to be numbered among those who know that life never *ends*."

NEGRO HISTORY WEEK TO BE OBSERVED

Inasmuch as the churches are making this year, through their missionary program, a special study of the Negro, their cooperation in the observance of Negro History Week is solicited by the sponsoring agency, the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

The purpose of this special celebration, which begins February 7, 1937, is to stage dramatizations and other exercises in order so to demonstrate the role of the Negro in the past as to secure for the black race the same consideration in the curricula of the country that we give to other elements in our population. To inspire the Negro to keep himself above vagabondage and crime, and to make the most of his opportunities is one of the chief aims of the observance.

To further this end, a pamphlet on Negro History Week has been prepared for free distribution to ministers, teachers and leaders. In it are suggestive articles on "The Meaning of Negro History Week," and "The Objectives of Negro History," which will be of great value in planning for such an observance. These pamphlets may be had from the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Persons desiring more than one of them will be charged ten cents for each additional copy.

EMERGENCY CHRISTMAS APPEAL IS ISSUED

A representative group of one hundred and thirty religious leaders, college presidents, educators and other prominent laymen are the signers of the following Christmas appeal in behalf of the oppressed Christians who have fled from Nazi Germany.

For more than three years, a steady stream of men, women and children, "non-Aryan" Christians, Jews, and those, whether Christian or Jew, who dare to oppose the militaristic, fascist administration with its suppression of civil and religious rights has been pouring across the German borders, seeking a refuge free from persecution.

Many Christian families have fled from Germany because they fear the effect of Nazi teachings upon their children. Relentlessly National Socialism is driving its propaganda deep into the minds and hearts of childhood—propaganda that places worship of State above the worship of God. The terrible discrimination directed in German schools against "non-Aryan" children is well known and its cruelty does not need repeating here.

Several thousand Christian refugees from Germany are in pitiable circumstances. They are in most cases men and women of education—journalists, advocates of peace, clergymen and teachers—who are now enduring poverty and hardship in lands foreign to them. From day to day they call tremblingly at the refugee relief stations, seeking bread, clothing, work.

These victims can remove only a small proportion of their property from Germany. If they try to do it without permission, they fear severe punishment, or even a death penalty.

The needs of the refugees transcend all barriers of politics, of nations, of race and religion. It is the call of suffering humanity. The report of the International Christian Committee for German Refugees states that unless speedy help can be secured, many of the non-Jewish refugees will not survive or will continue for an indefinite period to live a hopeless life of demoralization and despair.

The number of Christian refugees is not yet so large as to prove a serious burden upon Christians in the United States. The response of the Jews in America to the needs of their German brethren sets a heroic example for us to follow. Together with funds raised abroad, $400,000 raised in this country will provide immediate relief and assist in the transportation of 2,500 of the neediest refugees to South America and other countries where they can be made self-supporting. This will not liquidate the problem, but it will take care of the most urgent cases.

This appeal is issued in behalf of the American Christian Committee for German Refugees, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, which is the agency in this country to aid Christian victims of National Socialism. As Christmas approaches, we pray that the gratitude of the world for the gift birth of Christ will find expression in sympathy and aid for His suffering brethren.

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

O the bells, the Christmas bells,
Are ringing, gayly ringing;
On and on their music swells,
Good news forever bringing;

Wafting songs of joy again,
Since Jesus came, the Holy:
"Peace on earth, good will to men"—
To all the meek and lowly.

"He shall reign," annulling wrong
Till wars from us dissever;
Praises high to Him belong,
His love abideth ever.

So the bells, the Christmas bells,
Are ringing, sweetly ringing;
Wondrous joy all gloom dispels,
Lo! Heaven's portals swinging!

MILLIE M. LAWHEAD.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION WEEK AT LUDLOW FALLS

Friends at Ludlow Falls, Ohio, observed Religious Education Week by some special visitation and also by some public community meetings held at the local church. At one of the meetings, the local school cooperated, each of the teachers and many of the students participating in a very helpful program which was designed to relate the school with the church and community. Another of these special meetings was arranged with emphasis upon the church school council and its importance in the entire program of the church. A Rally Day service was a third feature when the attendance reached a high mark, and a purposeful plan of activities was rendered. Special mention goes to members of the Primary department, who told effectively some of the Bible stories in their own phrasing.

A week of meetings held simultaneously with other meetings of the Yearly Meeting was conducted from November 15 to 22 inclusive. Chairmen of various committees had charge of devotions each evening, and special musical numbers were offered. Altogether the meetings proved beneficial.

Offerings from this meeting have been received for two projects, namely, the German Refugees, and the Indian Work, in the form of Buffalo nickels at the Thanksgiving time.

FRIENDS IDENTIFIED WITH DELTA COOPERATIVE

As previously announced in these columns, Wilmer and Mildren Young, formerly of the Westtown Faculty, voluntarily left their previous home and occupation to become identified with the Delta Cooperative Farm in Mississippi, sponsored by Sherwood Eddy for evicted Southern farmers. They and their children and Dorothy Binns arrived at the Farm early in September. They had no official status in the community but were accepted on the basis as all other colonists.

Wilmer has been busy building a three-room house, a laundry-pantry room, and open porch. He has swapped labor with some of the other men on the construction of their houses, but in the main he has done most of the work on his own house since the men have been exceedingly busy picking cotton. This house, besides the rough lumber which has been furnished by the sawmill, will cost about $350.

The Young children attend a consolidated school located about fifteen miles from the project. They leave the farm on a bus about seven-thirty in the morning and do not get back until about five in the evening. The children are happy about their school, and Wilmer and Mildred are relieved that their apprehension concerning school facilities were not justified.

Wilmer and Mildred are making their way in the community on their own merits and not as former teachers or as members of the directing staff of the farm. The middle of October, they were voted in as members of the Cooperative. The way in which they are conducting themselves in the community disarms any criticism which might have been made because they are Yankees. Sam Franklin, the manager, is most appreciative of the way in which they are fitting into the community. He says that they have added tremendously to its stability and that he can now leave the farm for his necessary community contacts with a feeling of assurance and confidence because of their presence.

Wilmer has been placed on the educational committee. He has assisted in working out an educational program for the adults during the winter, and is going to give a course in arithmetic and one in physics. He is also planning an agricultural institute in December, in preparation, for the garden program next year, which he will probably direct. This will be one of the most important activities of the farm. In so far as possible, it is hoped that the gardens will provide food for the families. In connection with this there will be the canning program for winter use. Because of the dry season, vegetables are a more precarious crop than cotton. They hope to install an irrigation system next summer so as to insure vegetables for the colony.

Mildred finds that caring for a family living under semi-camping conditions is a time-consuming task. But she has found time to be on the social committee and has been active in the social life of the community. For a time she served as hostess at the guest house. Since the Youngs moved to the community center, Dorothy Binns has served as hostess in the guest house. As soon as the Young's house is completed, the room in which they now live will be used as a weaving and handicraft room, and Mildred will have charge of this work.

DUBLIN FRIENDS ENJOY WIDER FELLOWSHIP

In the past few weeks it has been the pleasure of Dublin, Indiana, Friends to enjoy the "wider fellowship of Friends" by having with them Clarence E. Pickett, who brought a message on the work of the Service Committee in this country and abroad. Robert W. Balderston, a member of the Chicago Fifty-Seventh Street Meeting, also spoke at the morning meeting on November 29. We were brought to see the conditions of the world and the great need of the Christian influence. Alfred Cope, Executive Secretary of the Mid-West Office of the Friends Service Committee, was in attendance at our Youth's Fellowship Forum, and shared with our young people the need of the testimony of Friends in the field of Peace.

The week of the Preaching Mission was observed in Visitation Evangelism, from which comes many heartening reports. A large number of our people went to Lewisville Meeting to hear Willard O. Trueblood the night he spoke to our Quarterly Meeting.

Our Homecoming Day marked a new, but old thought, in line with the suggestion that on that day we observe "Family Pew Day," at which time we would enter Meeting and sit together as families. It took one back to the days that used to be. Our pastor and his wife, Frank and Lucile Guyatt, are enjoying the new furnace just recently installed in the parsonage, and this week the men of the Meeting are preparing the basement of the meetinghouse to put in two furnaces and an automatic heat fan control system.

On Sunday, November 22, this Meeting, with our orchestra, held an exchange service with the Negro group at the Townsend Community Center of Richmond. Two weeks before, that group had attended worship with us, bringing messages in Negro Spirituals.

Our Missionary Union held a "Family night" on November 19, at which time a very interesting playlet was presented by Mary Hoover and Idola Sullivan on the theme, "Money for Missions."

A WEEK-END SPENT WITH KOKOMO FRIENDS

An Earlham College dinner was the happy occasion of a week-end with Kokomo, Indiana, Friends, December 12 and 13. The dinner was initiated and planned by Lilith Farlow of Kokomo, Reading Clerk of Western Yearly Meeting, who presided with her characteristic flair and verve. Whereas it had been thought that peradventure twenty-five Earlhamites might be found in town and vicinity to attend such a gathering, more than sixty sat down to partake of an excellent dinner and to enjoy an evening of fun and fellowship. Murray S. Kenworthy "organized victory" at Amboy, leading from that section a delegation of twelve Earlhamites to the banquet hall in the Union Street Friends Church.

Introductory to the program, those present introduced themselves more or less informatively and facetiously. The medal goes to the friend who spoke of himself as a "retired Republican." Following brief and somewhat relevant remarks by several, President William C. Dennis spoke more seriously of the state and progress of the College. At the conclusion of his talk, Millard S. Markle, in anticipation of the quadrennial May Day celebration to be given at Earlham on May 7, 1937, showed moving pictures of the 1933 May Day exercises.

After being "in the hands of our friends" over-night, Sunday morning saw us back at Union Street to participate in the very live Sunday School, which chalked up an attendance of 364 for the day. Millard Markle spoke inspiringly at the "general exercises," stressing the importance of spiritual and social pioneering, drawing many helpful analogies from the realm of Biology, his major field. The writer addressed the large Fellowship Group, taught by Russell Baldwin and Barclay Morris, on the general theme, "Patmos in 1936."

Russell Rees has been pastor at Union Street Meeting for about two years, and the work seems to be progressing in an encouraging manner under his leadership. Kokomo Friends greatly appreciate him and his family. At his urgent invitation, the writer spoke at the morning meeting for worship. A lively feature of the Union Street Meeting is a Junior Monthly Meeting, led by Lela Braithwaite and Amy Catt.

True to Friendly form, Friends lingered at the close of the meeting to speak with the visiting Friends from Richmond, such fellowship being one of the very enjoyable and worthwhile by-products of such sojourns. W. C. W.

OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

What readers are thinking on topics of timely interest

AND ALL ON A SUMMER DAY IN WASHINGTON

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

Washingtonians become somewhat sluggish during the summer months. The weather is hot, Congress is not in session, many people are away. The wheels of government continue to turn but they turn more slowly. Nevertheless it was in June of 1936 that a new entity appeared among us. Arriving on a warm summer day in a city engrossed in its own affairs, it was at first hardly noticed. Fathered by the American Friends Service Committee, clothed and fed by the generosity of its fairy godmother, this new spirit of friendliness found a home at 1708 New Hampshire Avenue.

In the five months that have passed since this unobtrusive beginning, the International Student House has become a real factor in many lives. Washington Friends meet there for tea, guests are entertained from various embassies, visiting Friends enjoy its hospitality. Most important of all, it is enjoyed and directed by the foreign students themselves. Poles, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Germans, English and Americans are living under one roof, playing ping pong, exchanging language lessons, and lingering over a second cup of coffee at breakfast to settle the merits of Fascism, Communism and Democracy. They are repeating in Washington the opportunities for friendship which have flourished in Geneva, Paris, Berlin and Vienna under the Quaker Star.

When you open the wrought iron door of 1708 (I have seldom found it locked) a long hall and dignified stairway lie directly before you. At the end of the hall is the recreation room with its 12 x 12 garden beyond. We shall turn first into Grace Lowry's sitting room on the left. The French books and magazines on the table and *Punch* lying open under the lamp direct our thoughts away from our own provincialism toward our neighbors across the Atlantic. Grace will take us upstairs and show us the living room and dining room, library and kitchen which fill the second floor. Above them are three floors of bedrooms and baths with a roof garden on the fifth floor looking down on top of the elms that line New Hampshire Avenue.

A detailed description of the furnishings or a scholarly interpretation of the possibilities of international good will involved in such an undertaking would still leave the heart of the subject untouched. A spirit of practical brotherhood which includes every race, every color and every creed, and which through the very divergence of its component parts forms a vital, effective whole, has come to demonstrate the strength of friendliness in the Nation's Capital.

REBECCA CARTER NICHOLSON.

Silver Spring, Md.

A LOVELY SERVICE FOR THE BLIND

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

A lovely service in the Christ spirit is having a joyous and hard time.

The *John Milton Magazine* is going out in Braille to blind adults in all States and possessions of the United States, and eighteen countries in all six continents, its circulation built up chiefly by one blind reader telling another or sending the magazine to another. *Discovery*, for boys and girls, is sent in Braille to individual children, blind parents, teachers of young people, and, mostly to State Schools for the blind and to Public Schools which have classes for the blind. Half of each magazine is devoted to Sunday School Bible study—the rest to general articles generally taken from religious papers, yours among them, thus giving the blind the cream of what the sighted have.

Over 2,500 copies of these magazines are issued monthly, reaching some 10,000 blind people. Analysis of 400 letters received from readers in the last six weeks reveals 52 different churches or religious groups represented, including Friends. Over one hundred of the four hundred are Sunday School teachers. Ministers are numerous. But so many readers are so alone and poor. All greatly prize, and beg for the continuance of, the magazines, which occupy a distinct field. The service is a joyous one.

Printing in Braille is expensive. Most of our expense has been met by interested friends of the blind, and by benevolent Boards of various denominations. The blind who are able give surprisingly. But $2,240 must be raised in the next few weeks that this work may be carried on. Here is the "hard time!"

Among your readers doubtless many are interested in the blind. Doubtless some would like to share in this gracious service if they learn of it. Even if able to give only a few dollars it will help greatly.

Full information can be had from the John Milton Foundation for the Blind, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

LEWIS B. CHAMBERLAIN, *Secy.*

FOR THE GLORY OF WORK TO BE DONE

(Corrected printing)

Do you find delight in the silvery leaves
Of willows, turned up by a spanking breeze?
Tall pines beyond, all darkly shrouded,
Blue skies above, all billowy, clouded
Call, "Ho! for the glory of wind and sun!"
(Now, Ho! for the glory of work to be done!")

MABEL C. MOODY.

Concord, N. H.

IN SEARCH OF MISSING RECORDS

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

I am engaged, with Mr. William Wade Hinshaw, in his effort to find all the records of early Quaker meetings, have them copied and reproduce their contents in such form as to be available for historical and genealogical research.

Most of the Wayne County, Indiana, records have been located and deposited at the East Main Street Meetinghouse in Richmond, but there are some which are missing. Among these are the records of Springfield Monthly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends held at Economy from about 1843 to 1857. Writing in 1921, the late Zimri Hanson said that these Anti-Slavery records were still in existence at a farmhouse in Dalton Township. Mr. Hanson did not mention the name of the owner of the farmhouse, and rather extensive inquiry has failed to identify it. The first book of women's minutes of Springfield Monthly Meeting (1821-1843) is also missing and may very possibly be with the Anti-Slavery records.

Other Wayne County records which are reported as missing include the first book of women's minutes of New Garden Monthly Meeting, held near Fountain City, and the men's minutes prior to 1837, women's minutes prior to 1847, and marriage record book of West Grove Monthly Meeting, held near Centerville. All the early minute books, both men's and women's, of Hopewell Monthly Meeting are missing, as is the marriage record book. Hopewell Meeting was held west of Cambridge City, across the line in Henry County. In Randolph County, many of the early records of Cherry Grove, White River, and Poplar Run Monthly Meetings are missing.

Information regarding any of these record books or any others which have not been placed in one of the established depositories, will be gratefully received. Please address me at 1147 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THOS. W. MARSHALL.

Washington, D. C.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

William B. Harvey, widely known Secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Arch Street, and Frances E. Harvey, observed their Golden Wedding Anniversary on November 25.

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Bessie Pringle of Bussey, Iowa, a former teaching colleague of Merle L. Davis, Administrative Secretary of the American Friends Board of Missions, was a caller at the Friends Central Offices one day recently, when passing through Richmond.

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Statistics issued from the Registrar's office show that of the 493 students enrolled at Earlham College, 165, or one-third of them, are Friends. Sixteen other Denominations are represented, with Methodists and Presbyterians ranking as high second and third, respectively.

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Friends in this country, along with those in England and Europe, have naturally been deeply concerned over the tragic situation in Spain, and have wished to render, if possible, some helpful service to that distressed country. As an evidence of this burden, the American Friends Service Committee has asked Sylvester Jones of Chicago to go to Spain as soon as possible to study the needs for and possibilities of relief, also possibilities of reconciliation service that might be rendered by Friends.

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At the Biennial Meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held at Asbury Park, New Jersey, December 9, 10, and 11, the Five Years Meeting of Friends was represented in attendance by Arlando and Viola May Marine of Brooklyn, New York, Elizabeth L. Hazard, Field Secretary of New York Yearly Meeting, and A. Ward Applegate, pastor of the Wilmington, Ohio, Meeting. Inspiring and thrilling sessions are reported. Elizabeth served the Meeting in the important capacity of Secretary of the Business Committee.

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In accordance with the great game of American politics as it is played, David W. Day was relieved last month of his responsibility as Director of the Westmoreland Subsistence Homesteads, near Greensburg, Pennsylvania, to make way for a deserving Democrat. Having been with this project from the beginning, and having helped shape its progress through sunshine and shadow, his release, not unanticipated on his part, is a distinct loss to the enterprise. David and Olive Day, and their two youthful sons, are spending some time with his parents at the old home at Westfield, Indiana, while deciding upon future plans of service.

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In the November issue of the *International Journal of Religion* appeared an effective Christmas drama, "The Other Jesus," by Elizabeth H. Emerson of Las Vegas, New Mexico. A three-act play, set in the Holy Land during the period of Christ's life there, it deals with the Jewish leader, Barabbas who, tradition tells us, also bore the name of Jesus. A cast of Richmond Young Friends is preparing to produce the play, which they hope to give not only before local groups but also in various near-by communities.

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At one of the sessions of the recent meeting of the Federal Council of Churches held at Asbury Park, New Jersey, Dr. William R. King, Executive Secretary of the Home Missions Council, in appraising the National Preaching Mission, spoke of the wonderful cooperation given by the various religious denominations, from the highly organized bodies to the more democratically constituted, "from the high Episcopal Bishops down to the Quakers." It almost broke up the meeting, we are informed, when one of our representatives, Arlando Marine, called out, "Doctor King, why not say 'from the Episcopal Bishops *up* to the Quakers?"

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Dorothy Pitman, for many years associated with Westine Lietzman in work among the Indians at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, has for the past five years been serving under the Congregational Board at the Fort Berthold Mission, Elbowoods, North Dakota. This transfer came about in 1931, when Westine Lietzman's marriage to Arthur Shufelt made it possible for Dorothy Pitman to accept the invitation extended by H. W. Case, local Congregational minister, for a Friendly worker to cooperate with him in the work at Elbowoods. That her work there is marked by the same spirit of conciliation and good will that characterized it at Wyandotte is shown by a recent letter addressed by Mr. Case to the Emergency Peace Campaign, describing enrollment of the Indians of Fort Berthold Mission in the peace program of the E. P. C.

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Sara Keates Dillingham, daughter of the late Harry R. Keates, has sent in an interesting editorial on Practical Patriotism, clipped from the Rochester, New York, *Democrat and Chronicle*, in which tribute is paid to the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, largest manufacturer in the United States of gunsight and other military optical equipment, for its voluntary renunciation of trade in its products with foreign nations. In eulogizing this action, the editorial says that this company has "set a high mark of practical patriotism which might do much to stem the tide of war if it were adopted by other manufacturers of vital materials and equipment. It will have more effect than tons of peace argument and peace treaties and will hamper the god of war in his present forward march."

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Since its opening in late August, the Chicago Center of the American Friends Service Committee has been busily engaged in ministering to the needs of the more than fifty thousand Friends of the mid-west area who constitute its immediate clientele, and is rapidly becoming a Quaker crossroads. The activities of the new office are many and varied: it is helping in the promotion of the Friends World Conference and the Wider Quaker Fellowship; it is largely responsible for the program of and attendance at the 1937 Mid-West Institute of International Relations; and it will cooperate with Ruth Outland and a committee of Chicago Friends in placing summer volunteers in the Windy City and, perhaps in the establishing of a work camp at Hull House. Aside from these major projects, staff members are continually called upon for information regarding Friendly testimonies. The Emergency Peace Campaign, to which the Chicago Center has donated office space, shares in the responsibility for explaining and disseminating the Quaker peace message.

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A Springfield, Ohio, friend favors us with a page from a Springfield paper containing a feature story, the setting of which was in the neighboring city of Urbana. Facing us therefrom are excellent pictures of our good friends, Isaac T. and Alida Johnson, and of the Urbana City Library, which through their generosity has just been enlarged and improved as an attractive community center. An auditorium and a history room or museum add greatly to the equipment and service of the Library. On the evening of December 10 occurred a presentation and recognition ceremony:

formal presentation of the fine improvements by Marvin Johnson, nephew of the donors, and a public recognition of Isaac and Alida Johnson in appreciation of their splendid contribution to the civic life of their city. Isaac Johnson, though recently retired from many years' service as Secretary of the Friends Publication Board, continues as a Trustee of the Five Years Meeting and as a member of the Executive Committee. The Johnsons departed last week for Southern California where they will spend the winter, their address being La Jolla.

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In the December issue of *Life Insurance Courant*, a monthly magazine of the Flitcraft Life Insurance Works, organization of the Chicago Flitcrafts, members of the 57th Street Meeting, appears an interesting editorial message in the form of a sample ballot. The two tickets offered are labeled respectively, Peace on Earth, and The Way to War. Under each are listed eleven "candidates," and the voter is offered a choice of: Democracy or Fascism; Internationalism or Nationalism; Disarmament or Re-Armament; Reciprocal Trade or Tariff Barriers; Friendships or Battleships; Stabilized Currency or Monetary Friction; Racial Equality or Racial Prejudice; Understanding or Selfishness; Economic Balance or Imperialism; Cooperation or Rivalry; Just Immigration or Discriminatory Immigration. In the sample ballot shown, an electoral college composed of the editor, Harold Flitcraft, his wife and their three children, is represented as having voted a straight ticket for Peace on Earth, and the editor's Christmas message to the life insurance agents whom his magazine serves is: "Vote the straight (but not the narrow) ticket! Elect, unanimously, Peace on Earth and Goodwill among Men."

* * * *

The famous American aviatrix, Ruth Nichols, a Friend, holder of numerous aviation records for women, has recently placed herself at the disposal of the Emergency Peace Campaign in its nation-wide drive to keep the United States out of war and war out of the world. In volunteering her services she stated her belief that "education in personal, moral self-control is the fundamental means by which war will be eventually eliminated from the earth. Individuals must be able to order their own lives before nations can order theirs." On her mother's side, Ruth Nichols has a Quaker ancestry that traces back to John Bowne, who held the first Quaker meeting in America, and which includes relationship to two great anti-salvery Friends, John Woolman and Warner Mifflin of Virginia. Before her proposed Atlantic flight in 1931, Ruth Nichols attended Quarterly Meeting at Chappaqua, New York, when she was recorded a member of Purchase Meeting. In accordance with her expressed wish, a message, beautifully written by Carolena M. Wood, was prepared for her to carry to London Yearly Meeting. Unfortunately, however, this flight had to be postponed. Recently, at the same Chappaqua Meetinghouse, during another Quaker Meeting, Ruth Nichols, by special request, delivered an inspiring address on peace and the significance of work being done by the E. P. C.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Southern Quarterly Meeting, North Carolina Yearly Meeting, held at Science Hill on November 28, was well attended. At the eleven o'clock service, Herman A. Parker, pastor at Asheboro, preached acceptably. Following a picnic lunch and the regular business meeting, young Friends of the Quarter held a four o'clock session in which reports of their work were given, and interesting talks made by Leah Hammond and Seth Hinshaw. After a social hour and a picnic supper, the young people were addressed by D. Virgil Pike, speaking on, "What is that in thine Hand?"

* * * *

Dayton, Ohio, Friends observed the Eight Day Preaching Mission, November 18 to 26, by a lay evangelistic movement, ably led by Opal Markley of the Center Meeting and Bertha Elleman of the West Milton Meeting, both of West Branch Quarterly Meeting. Harry Reece, pastor at West Milton, very acceptably spent one evening with us. For about three months prior to the Preaching Mission we had held cottage prayer meetings throughout the community, and their value was attested by the interest shown by the new families reached, and in the number of persons who, during the week of the Preaching Mission, declared their wish to become Christians. An all-day meeting, characterized by a beautiful spirit of cooperation, occurred on Thanksgiving Day, and was largely attended by Friends and friends, representing seven other churches. Music was furnished by the young people, under the direction of the Monthly Meeting chairman of music, Amy Jackson. A Fellowship-Share dinner, held in the newly decorated church basement, was served to members and guests, a fine spirit of Christian fellowship being evident.

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Assisted by Ward Avery, an evangelistic singer, Elden Farmer, pastor of Azalia and Sand Creek Meetings in Western Yearly Meeting, recently closed a two weeks' series of helpful evangelistic services which not only touched the lives of many individuals but also increased the membership and strengthened the spiritual life of the two meetings. . . . Our former pastor, John R. Walter, has accepted a call to serve the New Salem Meeting, in Kokomo Quarter. . . . Among those attending Sand Creek Quarterly Meeting, October 17 and 18, was our Yearly Meeting Superintendent, Frederick E. Carter, who presented an outline of the work of the Church, with especial emphasis on the importance of evangelism. . . . The visit of Willard O. Trueblood to our meeting on December 9 was much appreciated and his inspirational messages were very welcome.

* * * *

Feeling that a younger leader was needed, and that his teaching duties at Willamette University are all that he should undertake, Charles C. Haworth, after ten years of acceptable service, has resigned as pastor of the South Meeting, Salem, Oregon. Friends rejoice in the fact that he and Bertha Haworth will continue their helpful support of the meeting. . . . Miller and Hazel Keeler Porter have assumed the pastoral leadership of the meeting. . . . At the last Monthly Meeting a certificate of membership was received from Detroit, Michigan, for Preston S. Laughlin who, in spite of his eighty-three years, is still active in the work of the church and in the furthering of the peace cause.

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Harold N. Tollefson, his wife, and their four children, have recently removed to Woonsocket, Rhode Island, where he is to be pastor of the Friends Meeting. This service follows twelve years of pastoral duty in Maine, first at South China, and then at Brunswick.

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Friends of the Indianola, Iowa, Meeting took an active part in the Eight

THE WHITTIER

A Friendly Place where you will find attractive and comfortable accommodations, appetizing food, and economical rates. Fifteenth and Cherry Sts. Owned and operated by The Philadelphia Young Friends' Association. F. M. Scheibley Management. Strath Haven Inn, Swarthmore, Pa.; The Hamilton, Norristown, Pa; Chester Arms, Chester, Pa. The Whittier also has facilities for luncheons, banquets, meetings and conventions. Telephone: Rittenhouse 5850.

Day Preaching Mission held recently in their community as a joint enterprise of all the local churches. Beginning on November 15 and continuing through November 22, special services were held each day in each church in the town. Richard R. Newby, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, spoke one night to Friends on our missionary work, and on Saturday evening, through the courtesy of one of the local business firms, we were given the use of a loud speaker system for a union meeting in the business district in which all the pastors participated. On the Ingathering Sunday, Glenwood L. Stanley, as pastor, invited all who desired, to join in church membership with Friends; in response to that appeal, seventeen came forward, six of whom were transferring from associate to active membership.

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Junior Friends of Mooresville, Indiana, Meeting had charge of the evening service December 6. Their officers presided, their choir sang and their ushers served. Slides of our Indian Work were shown on the screen while the pastor, Albert L. Copeland, described them. The pastor exhibited some articles of Indian handwork and spoke briefly of his experiences at the former Skiatook Mission among the Cherokees. A good audience showed much appreciation of the work of Junior Friends.

* * * *

The First Friends Church of Indianapolis recently conducted an "Eight Day Preaching Mission" under the leadership of Willard O. Trueblood, who spoke at seven public services. In the meantime the Meeting had been well organized for the services under the leadership of O. Herschel Folger. In a meeting of the Pastoral Committee on the opening day as well as in the Young Friends meeting, Willard Trueblood laid the concern for a revitalized Church upon those whose responsibility it is to open anew the springs of spiritual life and action. The meeting feels particularly fortunate to have had this week out of the far-flung visitation by Willard Trueblood. A good attendance and responsiveness on the part of Friends indicates a contribution to the life of the Church that will have continuing results. We greatly appreciate this service from our Quaker Ambassador-at-large, and we lay upon him the commission of carrying our Friendly interest to Friends everywhere as he continues his services from coast to coast.

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The Centerville, Indiana, Meeting closed, on December 6, a very successful Preaching Mission series of services conducted by the pastor, Maude Carter Smock, in cooperation with the members of the meeting.

ITEMS FROM FRIENDSWOOD QUARTERLY MEETING

Friendswood Quarterly Meeting was held at Houston, Texas, November 27, 28, and 29, with good attendance and interest at all sessions. Pastors assigned to the Quarterly Meeting for the coming year are as follows: Friendswood, Fred R. Newkirk; Bayshore, Harold A. Selleck; Cloverleaf, Archie Seller; Houston, Hershel Louthan.

Frank A. Brown and family from Whittier, California, were in attendance at Quarterly Meeting; also at the family Thanksgiving gathering of the Browns at the old home which was the first house built in Friendswood, and incidentally it was in this home that the Friends Meeting at Friendswood was started some forty odd years ago.

Chas. L. Jessup of Brownsville, Texas, recently visited the Friendswood Meeting of which he is a member, and preached on Sabbath morning.

A new parsonage is under construction on a lot adjoining the Bayshore meetinghouse.

Edna Darrow of Friendswood has been elected President of the Southeastern District of Texas Christian Endeavor.

The Middleton Home for Aged Ministers is at present occupied by Edward Wright and family, whose services in Friendswood Quarterly Meeting are greatly appreciated.

The funeral of Edith Osburn Boys was the occasion of the homecoming of the Osburn children, Agnes and Gorman Doubleday, pastors at Haviland, Kansas; Douglas Osburn and wife of Denver, Colorado; Luke Osburn, teacher at Fargo, North Dakota; and Elizabeth Barrett of Cassville, Missouri. Gorman Doubleday edified the hearers of Friendswood Meeting with a powerful sermon on Sunday, November 15.

AT BANGOR QUARTERLY MEETING

The sessions of Bangor Quarterly Meeting, Iowa Yearly Meeting were held at Stanford, November 27 and 28. A Workers Conference, which preceded the regular Quarterly Meeting sessions, convened on Friday morning with Martha Hadley leading the devotions.

Stewardship was discussed under the direction of the Quarterly Meeting Chairman of Finance, John Rylander of LeGrand. The next period was led by Ruth Collins, Superintendent of Religious Education, who emphasized the importance of the teacher in Christian Education and gave a description of the ideal teacher. Carl Byrd then preached on the third chapter of II Timothy, pointing out the results of a life spent away from the Master.

The first period in the afternoon was used in a consideration of evangelism, led by the Quarterly Meeting Superintendent of Evangelism, Carl Byrd. At two o'clock the ministry and oversight meeting convened. Echoes from the Preaching Mission held in Des Moines in October were given by Anna Smith and Richard R. Newby, who spoke on the purpose and significance of the Mission, with which Iowa Yearly Meeting has so heartily cooperated.

The Saturday morning session was opened with a devotional period led by Ella Byrd, with Richard Newby following with a sermon from Hebrews 10: 24-25. Following a noon lunch served by women of the church, the Women's Missionary Union met to hear reports of the activities of the various societies.

On Sunday afternoon, a Young People's Rally, led by Lucile Thomas, Superintendent of Young People, and conducted by a Gospel team from William Penn College, proved a helpful and inspiring occasion.

FROM WILMINGTON, OHIO

A. Ward Applegate, pastor, recently spent a few days at Asbury Park, New Jersey, where he represented the Five Years Meeting at the sessions of the Biennial Meeting of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

The November meeting of the Men's League served as a social gathering for all members of the church. Following a pot-luck supper, a program was given in which C. J. Robinson, the out-going president, and his family, who are moving to Cincinnati, Ohio, were especially honored. His wife has been choir director for several years and she and her husband will be missed in the different activities of the meeting. Since the preceding Sunday had marked the second anniversary of their service to us, as well as their own twenty-second wedding anniversary, Ward and Lena Applegate were presented with a gift of twenty-two silver dollars by members of the meeting.

The Clerk of our Monthly Meeting, J. Irving Peelle, and his wife Edna, are spending the winter months at Whittier, California. In their absence, Eldon Haines has been appointed to serve as Monthly Meeting Clerk.

In keeping with the Christmas season, all the societies of the church have been busy distributing Christmas cheer. Boxes and gifts of money have been sent to mission stations, and Ada Chapel, our Wilmington mission, will be remembered, along with many sick and shut-ins.

Members of the Wilmington College Gospel Team, who render valuable service to different meetings throughout the Yearly Meeting, met recently at the home of President Walter L. Collins and planned their activities for the coming year.

UP RIVER CHIEF WELCOMES PALE-FACE PILGRIMS

Three hundred and fifteen years ago the first Pilgrims, coming over in the *Mayflower*, landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts. On Thanksgiving night, 1936, a second group of "Pilgrims," composed of about fifty young people, members of the Up River, North Carolina, Sunday School classes taught by Mrs. Arba Winslow and Herbert Williams, came by auto to the home of Arba Williams. They parked their cars at the back end of a field in a beautiful pine thicket before moving forward to greet their host and hostess, Arba Williams and wife, appropriately garbed as Indians. A great brush fire was started by the "Indian Chief," and this, together with the lanterns brought by the "Pilgrims" and hung in a large circle around the fire, provided sufficient lighting for the occasion.

A program of devotions, group singing, old fashioned games, and story telling followed. First and second prizes for the most realistic costumes were given, respectively, to Della Winslow and Elsberry Lane, and to Reby Winslow and William Winslow. All the boys present wore large hats, while the girls were clothed in old-time dresses and aprons, topped with large collars and bonnets of a by-gone day.

The evening closed with a "Thanksgiving feast" of candy, nuts, and pop corn, eaten in the glow of the still blazing brush fire.

Friends at Up River have been brought to a closer walk with God through an eight-day special evangelistic meeting conducted by the Field Secretary of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, Murray C. Johnson. The influence of his forceful messages was manifested by the people. Twenty-eight young persons came to the altar of prayer and decided for Christ. The greatest spiritual uplift was felt by the meeting as a whole that has been for several years. At the closing service on Sabbath morning, Murray Johnson preached on Home Life, and most of the people present who were heads of families made a re-consecration of their lives by coming to the front of the church and, by so doing, signifying that they wanted to make their homes better and more Christ-like.

NOTES FROM WICHITA

Wichita, Kansas, Friends are delighted over the return of Gurney and Elizabeth Binford from Japan, who recently spent a few days here with relatives and friends. They spoke at the prayer meeting hour December 9, showing films and reviewing Kagawa's late book. Gurney Binford was also on the Friday afternoon program for Quarterly Meeting, which was held at North Wichita Friends Church.

University Friends Church joined with most of the other Protestant churches of Wichita in an eight-day preaching mission, which ended Sunday, December 6. The speakers at University Church were David M. Edwards, President of Friends University, Dr. Edgar H. Stranahan, John D. Mills, Gervas A. Carey and the pastor, and assistant pastor, Charles O. Whitely and Lela E. Gordon. Charles Whitely was also one of the preaching mission speakers at a downtown theatre during the week.

Quite a renewal of interest among members of University Church and the conversion of several others, resulted from a union evangelistic campaign in West Wichita in which the ten principal Protestant churches joined. It lasted four weeks, ending November 22. Charles O. Whitely, pastor of University Church, was prominent in the organization.

HELEN F. TOPPING AMONG RICHMOND FRIENDS

"The only sure way to permanent, international peace is through Cooperatives," declared Helen F. Topping, missionary to Japan and associate of Toyohiko Kagawa, in an exposition and defense of the cooperative movement before the West Richmond, Indiana, Adult Forum on the morning of December 13. "Consider the possibilities for peace inherent in an international credit union, located say at Geneva, and having power to withhold credit from recalcitrant nations whose militaristic policies constitute a threat to world peace."

Brought to the city by Richmond Friends, Miss Topping spoke under their auspices in the morning Forum hour and also addressed a mass meeting held that afternoon in the local Methodist Episcopal Church, when she presented an interpretation of the life and work of Kagawa.

The child of Baptist missionaries to Japan, Helen Topping has spent almost her entire life among the Nipponese, and it was to interpret to the Occident the message of their greatest Christian that she returned to America in 1934. To her crusading zeal can be traced much of the attention paid and acclaim accorded to Kagawa on his successful lecture tour in the United States last year.

Following this service, Miss Topping spent some time in Europe, to which continent she will return soon to help the Cooperative organizations there present their principles to young people of many countries, in the hope that such teaching may mitigate the danger of immediate, general war and prepare the way for the permanent cessation of martial conflict.

In describing the principles underlying and motivating the cooperative movement, Miss Topping stressed the importance of organization on a consumer basis. "The universality of the stomach," she asserted, "makes us all brothers and cuts across arbitrary class lines of the kind inevitable if relation to production is made the basis of economic groups."

Another characteristic of the movement, its indigenous self-sufficiency and independence, was emphasized. "Cooperatives," she declared, "if they are to grow and endure, must stand on their own feet, and must spring up among and from the people whom they are to serve. Regulation from above, no matter how paternalistic and philanthropic in its aim, cannot be countenanced."

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown, even to ourselves; or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. I should bear false witness if I did not declare life happy.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1937 — A Highlight in Quaker History

In anticipation of the 1937 Friends' World Conference, what could be more helpful than a year's subscription to the London *Friend* ($3.75)? All who are interested in the Conference should familiarize themselves with this important weekly, presenting as it does vivid word pictures of a far flung Quakerism.

Subscriptions also solicited for *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, a more literary publication containing essays, poems, etc. ($2.00 a year), and the London *Journal of Friends Historical Society* ($1.25) for those interested in Quakeriana of the past.

Subscribe *now* for 1937. Sample copies on request.

ANNA W. HUTCHINSON, AMERICAN AGENT

304 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IN MEMORY OF PRICELESS GIFTS — A TRIBUTE

By Elizabeth H. Emerson

Since the death on September 23 of O. P. Rees, life-resident of Vermilion County, Illinois, I have tried to measure his gifts to me. One of my earliest memories is of a tiny spade, carefully whittled from wood and given to me by this most beloved uncle who was then living in our home. I might have forgotten the spade, but for the fact that in some way I broke it, and then failed to tell the truth about the incident. My young uncle took me upon his knee and in the kindest possible way explained to me that it made little difference that I had broken my prized possession, but that in telling a falsehood about it I had broken something of great worth—the truth. Since that day I am sure that I have received other material gifts from his hand, but I do not remember them. Instead, there come to my mind, gifts of the spirit, without which my life would have been much poorer.

I cannot imagine childhood without Uncle Perry. He was always wanted in our home and he always left too soon. His ability to make others see the humorous side of situations and to laugh at himself and with other people made any group of relatives or friends incomplete until he arrived. Bits of verse from Riley and the other popular poets of his youth slipped into his conversation so often that they became a part of my philosophy as well as his. Uneducated in music but having an inherent love of it, he made melody with the only available instruments, Jew's harp, French harp and guitar. I learned ballads humorous and plaintive because he sang them. He taught me the Negro Spiritual I yet love best, and I have only to shut out other sounds to hear his voice singing the minor strains of "Go Down, Moses, Way Down in Egypt's Land, Let My People Go." The songs and poems with which he filled my young mind were not of the highest quality perhaps, but they brought both laughter and tears, and the simple words and melodies lifted his spirit and mine.

It was not until my own college days that I learned how much of self-denial and disappointment lay buried beneath so buoyant an exterior. Love of learning was as deep within him as life itself. There was a day when college beckoned. He packed his trunk with the hope and real enthusiasm of a dream about to be fulfilled in rather late youth. But changes in family circumstances interfered. His going would have meant an unhappy way of living for his widowed mother. No other member made the necessary sacrifice—perhaps none could make it. So the trunk was unpacked and the opportunities for higher education were never for one who could have been a student of students.

But for his nieces and nephews there must be college. With his own disappointment never forgotten, and the consciousness of lacks which he felt were a great handicap, he spurred our ambitions and urged us on with encouragement and financial aid. In the meantime, his own failure to reach college did not hinder him from rising step by step to a place of influence in his small educational realm. For many years he was the beloved principal of a high school where he gave to unnumbered boys and girls some of the same gifts he gave to me.

During the four years when I was his teaching assistant, I was a constant visitor in that home made late in youth which always seemed to me a bit of heaven on earth. In the school room I learned some of my most needed lessons. I remember one tall awkward youth who was a source of endless trouble to me. I exercised patience to what seemed the final degree and then I suggested to my principal that we could well spare the boy. I have never forgotten the kindly but firm reproof I received from him whose patience so far exceeded mine. The boy, he reminded me, was young; much younger than his size indicated. He was mischievous, not bad at heart; his failure to walk across the room without stumbling and creating an uproar was probably due to the size of his feet, not to his wicked intentions. What he needed was not scolding, but understanding; not to be cast out, but to be helped through the difficult experience of being a fifteen year old boy. I may not have succeeded in the case in hand, but I tried, and however many have been my mistakes in the business of being a mother, I am a better one because of that little sermon preached to an audience of one.

Because of separating distances, I have lost the opportunity of receiving what the riper years of O. P. Rees' life could have given me except for a very rare visit or letter during the past dozen years. I count them over—these gifts of the spirit—reverence for truth, the joy of laughter and poetry and song, the example of sacrifice, the help toward education, the picture of beautiful home life, the lessons of patience and sympathy with youth—and I am not surprised when I hear that almost his last words were, "I have built my life upon a sure foundation and I am not afraid to die." Why should there be fear in the heart of one who could write so beautifully a few months before his death what he had so beautifully lived all his life?

Only let us anxious be
That each passing year may see
At our hands some service done,
Something tried and something won;
Someone helped along the road,
Someone helped to bear a load.

Time cannot destroy the gifts of the spirit; they are indeed, treasures laid up in Heaven.

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

IN QUIET PEACE

Where two pine trees watch over him,
He lies, at rest, in quiet peace,
Whose cup had overflowed its brim.
Where two pine trees watch over him,
Such care is shown by every limb,
Assurance grows as they increase.
Where two pine trees watch over him,
He lies, at rest, in quiet peace!

J. R. W.

FRIENDLY HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

A period of more than twenty years was required in careful and prayerful preparation to establish an international association of Friends in the Pacific Northwest which now links together Canadian and American Friends. The name chosen is, the Northwest International Association of the Religious Society of Friends. Among those paving the way for this fellowship were Charles and May Replogle, Robert E. Pretlow, D. Reeves Shinn and Isaac Stanley, of whom the first three have finished their work on earth.

Early this year, an earnest party of five concerned Friends crossed the border line into Canada and out of this visit sprang a movement for immediate action. During July days at the Quaker Cove Conference for Young Friends, members from each Monthly Meeting met on common ground in the presence of Walter C. Woodward, who contributed his experience from larger and more thickly populated regions of the Quaker fold. From this resulted a general committee drawn from each meeting, that convened in Everett, Washington, November 14, 1936, to define plans and purposes for organizing an informal but workable association. Appointments were made of Clerk for general correspondence and a Representative committee of six persons. Perhaps it is merely coincidence that these include those who are also Clerks in either a Monthly Meeting or a Quarterly Meeting.

Thus, now bound in one tie, are Puget Sound Quarterly Meeting, comprising Monthly Meetings in Seattle and in Everett, and British Columbia Quarterly Meeting, composed of Victoria and Vancouver Monthly Meetings. (In this inter-

national fellowship, no official connections are affected. Puget Sound Quarter remains an integral part of Indiana Yearly Meeting, and British Columbia Quarter of Canada Yearly Meeting.)

The basis of activity for the coming year is to be the study outlines prepared for the World Conference of Friends in September, 1937. Retreats or conferences for discussion groups will meet frequently.

The Representative committee is as follows: Floyd W. Schmoe, Seattle; Clinton Replogle and Ben A. Darling, Everett; Herbert Dann, Victoria; and Walter Lynch and George D. Hoyland, Vancouver. Gertrude Shinn is the Association Clerk. Her address is 8525 Fourth, N. E., Seattle, Washington.

A HEARTENING REPORT FROM HARTLAND

Beginning on November 22, the Hartland, Iowa, Meeting carried on for ten days a special evangelistic effort which resulted in a quickening of the spiritual life of the meeting and an increase in its membership. Preceded by a week of cottage prayer meetings conducted by the pastors, Melvin and Anna Smith, the services were featured by inspiring and heart-searching messages from Carl Byrd of Marshalltown and by special musical numbers from his wife and other Marshalltown Friends.

On October 11 a goodly number of people from far and near gathered at the meetinghouse for an all-day, "homecoming" service marking the re-opening and re-dedicating of the building which had been closed for a month for repairs and refurnishing. Richard Newby, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, brought the morning message and conducted the dedicatory service. Following a basket dinner, and in the afternoon sessions, a history of the meeting was presented by Ruth Wagoner, with a number of other persons giving reminiscences. In the evening service Richard Newby again brought the message. Special music was also enjoyed throughout the day.

Three former pastors were present: Carrie Butler Hadley of Grinnell, Gilford Street of Newton, and Rosa Harding of Albion, each of whom brought brief messages. Greetings were also received from Howard and Edna Cope, former pastors.

WED ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF FRIENDS

On Thanksgiving Day, in the little red-brick meetinghouse at South Durham, Maine, Dorothy H. Pratt of Freeport and John C. Gatchell of Brunswick, both members of the meeting, were united in marriage, according to the custom of Friends, before a gathering of over one hundred people.

The service had been appointed by the Monthly Meeting. Sitting on the facing seat were Harvey Jones, the Durham pastor, Lindley J. Cook of the Forest Avenue Meeting, Portland, and Lindley M. Binford, Clerk of the Yearly Meeting. The long railing in front of the facing seat was lined with chrysanthemums, flowering plants and ferns. At the left, near the front, were seated members of the committee appointed by the Monthly Meeting, while on the right of the middle aisle were the two who were to be married, the bride very beautiful in her dress of blue satin with a corsage bouquet of pink.

After a brief period of silence, Harvey Jones spoke of the Friends' manner of marriage, read from Whittier's "The Meeting," and stressed the loveliness of starting a Christian home. A group from the Brunswick Orchestral Society, in which both the bride and groom are cellists, played "The Melody of Peace." Lindley Cook compared the Christian marriage, especially as accomplished by Friends, with non-religious, hasty, civil marriage. The congregation sang together, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," after which the groom's sister, Lelia S. Marstaller, read a poem written for the occasion, "The Quaker Wedding."

Following another interval of silence, Dorothy H. Pratt and John C. Gatchell stood up and declared their vows to each other, signed the certificate, and then after each had placed a wedding ring on the hand of the other, they bowed their heads and John prayed. The Clerk, Ada F. Weed, then read the certificate, the orchestra played "The Dawn of Love," and Harvey Jones closed with prayer. Over sixty persons signed the certificate, while the bride and groom, standing together nearby, received the best wishes of their many friends.

Both the bride and groom are musical. He is a graduate of Bowdoin College, teaches music in the schools of several towns in western Maine, and is well known throughout the Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England. She is a graduate of the Freeport schools, has had special musical training, and is well fitted to be his helpmate and companion.

THE LILIES

Consider the lilies of the field
The Master said to those who saw;
Behold, they grow until they yield
A beauty true to Heaven's law!

What gorgeous flowers bloom today!
Tomorrow, they will pass life's portal—
The poet sees and bids them stay,
And their brief hour becomes immortal.

J. R. W.

FRIENDLY ACTIVITIES AT OSKALOOSA, IOWA

The Sunday morning service at the College Avenue Friends Church, Des Moines, on December 13, was a cantata, given by the choir under the direction of Cora Mattison, in which the Christmas story was presented in a beautiful and impressive way.

Our pastor, Frank W. Dell, who is finding a place of service in the College and community and is freely giving his time in various services, preached the sermon for the Union Thanksgiving service in which local churches cooperated.

The Eight Day Preaching Mission was observed in a series of seven evening meetings, November 29 to December 6, in which the pastor gave either motion picture or illustrated sermons on the following themes: Fishers of Men, The Meaning of Sin, The Meaning of Calvary, Man in the Presence of Jesus, The Meaning of Regeneration, The Baptism with the Holy Spirit, and The Way Home.

Immediately preceding the Preaching Mission, Church Loyalty Week was observed, when the members of the Women's Missionary Society gave a pageant based on the Preaching Mission Conference held in Des Moines. Other features of Loyalty Week were the Men's Brotherhood Supper, with Dr. Bruce of the Presbyterian Church as guest speaker, and the Young People's Rally, at which the motion picture, "Making America Safe for Youth," written and produced by Frank Dell, was shown.

The Quarterly Meeting Missionary Conference, held at New Sharon in November, was largely attended. Lorena Briggs told of her visit to Tennessee and of the work being done there among the mountaineers by Edward and Daisy Ransome and by Fred McMillan, to whom the women of the Missionary Society recently sent a large Christmas box. Another Christmas package went to the dormitory girls at the Kickapoo Mission in Oklahoma. Friends were also grateful for a visit from Alsina Andrews, and for the helpful and inspiring report of the work in Jamaica. The annual missionary luncheon was held in October with Mrs. Parks, wife of the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, speaking, and singing, most effectively, a group of Negro spirituals. Greetings from the Whittier, California, Women's Foreign Missionary Society were delivered by Rebecca Dell, wife of our pastor.

Attractive varieties of sin are about the hardest things we have to fight, and the battle is never over and no quarter is given.—H. L. WILLETT.

EDITH OSBURN BOYS

Edith Elva Osburn Boys, the eldest daughter of William and Zelma Osburn, was born April 15, 1899, near Alton, Kansas, and died after a lingering illness in a New York City hospital, November 9, 1936.

At an early age she became a Christian and began to prepare herself for a useful and helpful life, much of which was spent in teaching and study. She graduated from Northbranch Friends Academy, then studied at Nebraska Central College and later at Penn College, where she graduated in 1923. She took her Master's degree at Haverford College in 1926.

In 1929, Edith Osburn went to Europe and studied at Geneva, and decided to devote her life to the cause of world peace. After two years there she returned to complete her preparation at Columbia University.

She taught large classes on World Relations and Peace in New York City and later became an instructor at Brooklyn College. In 1935 she also took charge of the press department of the League of Nations Association in New York.

In March, 1934, she was married to George Boys of New York City where they have made their home. She was courageous and unselfish, a help and an inspiration to many lives.

A large number of friends and acquaintances were in attendance at a memorial service held November 10 in New York City, when many paid tribute to her goodness and devotion to a great cause. Funeral services were conducted on November 13 by Fred R. Newkirk at Friendswood, Texas, where burial was made.

Besides her husband, she leaves her bereaved parents, William and Zelma Osburn, four sisters, and two brothers.

The best start in the world will be forgotten if a responsibility is not carried through to the end.

Helps on the Uniform Lessons for 1937

PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES $2.00

For many years this book has been a guide to the study of the International Uniform Lessons. Here is a workable commentary containing a full discussion of the lesson, its application to everyday life, illustrations, questions and subjects for discussion.

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This popular volume of helps contains comments on the lessons that are thought-provoking, practical, and pointed in application. The busy teacher will find this invaluable during the coming year.

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A concise commentary in vest-pocket size, bearing directly on the heart and aim of every lesson.

FRIENDS BOOK AND SUPPLY HOUSE

101 South Eighth Street Richmond, Indiana

BIRTHS

MOTT—To Horace and Pauline Mott, Paonia, Colorado, October 1, 1936, a son, Richard DuVoll.

NEIFERT—To Daniel and Mildred Neifert, Central City, Nebraska, November 26, 1936, a son, Daniel Turner.

SMITH—To William and Dorothy Bogan Smith, Wilmington, Ohio, November 5, 1936, a daughter, Marilyn Sue. Dorothy Smith is the daughter of Raleigh and Marianna Compton Bogan and the granddaughter of Horace and Lucy Compton and W. Edward and Mary Bogan, all of whom are living.

WHITE—To Rufus and Katrine Smith White, Greensboro, North Carolina, November 30, 1936, a daughter, Katrine.

MARRIAGES

GATCHELL - PRATT — At the Friends Meetinghouse at South Durham, Maine, November 26, 1936, Dorothy Hazel Pratt to John Campbell Gatchell, according to the manner of Friends. (See page 558.)

KING-GRANTHAM — On November 14, 1936, at the home of the bride's parents, Emory P. and Hannah Mendenhall Grantham, in Greensboro, North Carolina, Frances Elizabeth Grantham to John Edgar King of the same city. Milo S. Hinckle, minister.

VAN GIESON-BROWNE — On November 25, 1936, at the University Friends Church, Wichita, Kansas, Catherine Browne and Walter Van Gieson. Charles O. Whitely, minister.

VAN WIE - ALLEN — On the bride's birthday, November 29, 1936, occurred the marriage of Florence Allen to Benjamin Van Wie. Arthur W. Hammond, minister. They are at home in Schenevus, New York.

DEATHS

BLAIR—At his home in Greensboro, North Carolina, November 12, 1936, William J. Blair, aged seventy-three years. A native of Guilford County, he had been a resident of Greensboro for over forty years and was a charter member of Greensboro Monthly Meeting; in both his church and his community he was highly regarded. He is survived by his wife, Estella Pugh Blair, one daughter, two sons and a sister. Funeral services were held at the Ashboro Street Meetinghouse, with Milo S. Hinckle and Clyde A. Milner conducting the services.

HANSON—As the result of an automobile collision near Valparaiso, Indiana, November 22, 1936, Evelyn A. Hanson, aged fifteen years. Born November 23, 1921, the daughter of Gurney F. and Genevieve Hanson of Stickney, South Dakota, she was living in Indiana with friends of her mother's, attending high school. Funeral services, conducted by Curtis and Stella Hockett, were held in Stickney.

HOOVER—At Houston, Texas, November 20, 1936, Richard Hoover, aged twenty-nine years. The son of Charles E. and Ida F. Hoover, he was born March 4, 1907 in Friendswood, but spent the last seven years in Baytown. He was a life-long member of Friends. On May 3, 1930, he was married to Bernice L. McClure who, with his parents, three sisters and one brother, survives. Funeral services were conducted at the Friendswood meetinghouse by Fred R. Newkirk.

KIRK—On November 13, 1936, at the Henry County, Indiana, Hospital where he had been seriously ill for two months, Elmer E. Kirk, M. D. He was born near Flushing, Ohio, in 1862. After studying two years at Spiceland Academy, in 1888 he was graduated from Cincinnati Medical College and went at once to Spiceland where he entered active practice as a physician. In 1889 he was married to Agnes Fields and to them one son, Parke, was born. Two years after the death of his wife, which occurred in 1924, he was married to Isadore Wilson, who has for many years been Recording Clerk of Indiana Yearly Meeting. He united with Friends when he located in Spiceland and has always remained a loyal member. His life was one constant service to humanity for as a devoted and

College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys and Girls

NEWS OF WESTTOWN

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For Old Scholars and New Friends

ELEVENTH MONTH, 1936

Full enrollment with 120 boys and 122 girls in the dormitories; approximately 70 per cent of the above come from Friends' families.

A busy summer has brought new floors and closets for all student rooms; re-wiring of the building to provide tested, adequate lights for student rooms and study halls; a new sprinkler system for better fire protection; a new building on the Lane for the elementary school.

Special study is being made by committee, faculty and some older students as to how Westtown can best maintain and re-interpret the fundamental principles of Quakerism. The Senior Quakerism class is led this year by Anna Cox Brinton, one of the new directors of Pendle Hill.

For further news write JAMES F. WALKER, *Principal*
Westtown School, Westtown Pennsylvania

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self-sacrificing "family doctor" he won the confidence and love of a large clientele in Henry and neighboring counties. He was always a student and to the last he kept abreast of the ever-changing trends of medical science.

LLOYD—At Damascus, Ohio, in the home of her daughter, Elizabeth Lloyd Gilbert, with whom she had lived for twenty years, on December 9, 1936, Hannah Webster Butler Lloyd, aged eighty-seven years. The daughter of John and Elizabeth Tatum Butler, she was born near Damascus, Ohio, November 9, 1849, and with the exception of one year spent at Westtown School and fifteen years at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, spent her life in the neighborhood where she was born. On October 27, 1870, she was married to Isaac Lloyd, whose death occurred thirty-five years before hers. To them were born two children, a daughter and a son who died in 1916. Besides her daughter, a grandson, Wendell Gilbert, and a granddaughter, Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert of the Faculty of Guilford College, survive. Hannah Lloyd was a birthright Friend, a member of the Damascus Monthly Meeting, and an honored Elder for many years.

THOMAS—At the home of her son, Hadley C. Thomas, at Azalia, Indiana, October 8, 1936, Julia Ann Thomas, aged eighty-seven years. She was the daughter of Jehu and Hannah Hadley Newlin and was born near Millcreek, Hendricks County, October 23, 1848. When a small child she moved with her parents to a farm near Bridgeport, Indiana, where she received her early education. Later she attended the Friends Academy at Spiceland and taught school for several years. In April, 1877, she was married to Luke W. Thomas. She was a birthright Friend and a sincere Christian, and active in church work as long as her health permitted. Funeral services were conducted by John R. Walter and Elden L. Farmer.

TRUEBLOOD — At Whittier, California, November 14, 1936, Homer Trueblood. He was an esteemed member of the Whittier Meeting. Born at Blue River, Indiana, in 1872, he removed to Whittier thirty-seven years ago. The funeral service was in charge of Edwin McGrew and David E. Henley.

NOTICE

PARIS, FRANCE—Mme. Melon-Hollard and daughter, Germaine, member of the Society of Friends, 78 rue d'Assas, Paris, 6e (opposite Luxembourg), receive paying guests. Very moderate prices.

NOTICE

When visiting Denver, Colorado, find quiet, homelike rooms at a reasonable rate in a Friend's home at 2920 W. 32nd Ave. Phone Gallup 1900. Bessie Mathias.

WHERE TO STAY

When visiting Philadelphia, make your headquarters at Friends' Arch Street Centre, 304 Arch Street. A friendly home in the midst of the city's greatest historic shrines. Apply to Aida T. Orner, hostess. Room rates, $1.50 up. Restaurant service if desired.

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Visitors are invited to attend the following Meetings. The names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to Milton H. Hadley or Garfield V. Cox, whose addresses appear below.

Chicago Monthly Meeting. South Side meeting at 66th Place and Blackstone. (6620 South and 1436 East) Bible School at ten, meeting for worship at eleven. Fellowship Day—2nd Sunday each month from October to June. Jackson Park "L" to Dorchester, east one block, then south. Milton H. Hadley, minister, 6041 Kenwood Ave., telephone Fairfax 6641.

Evanston Meeting. Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at nine-forty-five, meeting for worship, eleven. Milton H. Hadley, minister.

57th Street Monthly Meeting—1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for Worship 10:45. Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Garfield V. Cox, Clerk, 5700 Blackstone Avenue, Telephone Dorchester 7627.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the new meetinghouse, Eden and Donohue Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m. Robert Jones, Pastor.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone Street. Worship 11:00 a. m., Bible School 9:45 a. m., Christian Endeavor 7:00 p. m. Visiting friends call Cecil E. Hinshaw, Minister, 3855 Clay Street, Phone Gallup 4650W.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. Edgar Williams, Pastor, 11832 Ohio Ave. Phone, Hogarth 0624.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—"Hub of the South-East"

First Friends Church, 2100 Washington Ave. Bible School, 9.30. Christian Endeavor, 6:30. Meetings for Worship, 10:45 and 7:30. Mid-week meeting, Wednesday, 7:30. "Our latch string is always out." E. K. Coggins, Clerk, 345 East Oklahoma Ave., Phone 2-2781. Arthur Santmier, Minister, 703 Biddle St., Phone 3-9384.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue So. at 14th Street. Meeting for Worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, H. Millard Jones, 135 East 37th Street.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grammercy Park Meeting, 144 East 20th Street, Manhattan. Brooklyn Meeting, Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Meetings for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Pastor, William J. Murphy, 2315 East Spruce Street.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11:00 o'clock, First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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